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PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY.

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WE have repeatedly alluded to the atmosphere, but nowhere have we given it the notice to which its importance entitles it. It is, as we have seen, intimately connected with the most important telluric phenomena. Out of the air the carbon, indispensable to the vegetable kingdom, is elaborated, and from it animals by the operation of their lungs abstract the oxygen, by which their blood is purified. And in this, as in every thing else, there is a mutual exchange between the two kingdoms. Animals are constantly throwing off carbonic acid, which is essential to vegetable life, while the vegetable kingdom, through the action of the solar rays on the green leaves, contributes to supply animals with oxygen, which is equally important to them. 'Vegetables,' says Professor Milne Edwards, 'absorb the carbonic acid diffused in the atmosphere, and under the influence of the solar light they extract from it the carbon and give out oxygen. We thus see that it is in a great measure upon the relation existing between animals and vegetables that the nature of the atmosphere depends, and that in its turn the composition of the air must in some sort govern the relative proportion of these kings.'

The Professor establishes these facts by an analysis of animal and vegetable matter. It was ascertained that the proportion of the elements, oxygen, carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen, were very different in the two kingdoms. The relation existing between them, and their dependance on each other, was beautifully illustrated by the experiments of Priestley, Ingenhaus, Woodhouse, and others. They first confined an animal in a small portion of air, or water containing air, when it was ascertained that it would soon die. They then confined one in like quantity of air or water, and put a plant or plants in with

it. In this instance it was found that the mutual exchange of gases kept the water pure, and that both animal and plant survived.

The solar light is also necessary to produce this exchange of gases. Plants cease their labor at night, and may be said to sleep, as well as animals. There are exceptions, however, to this rule, as some plants are more active during the night, choosing its silence and gloom for the opening of their flowers.

The atmosphere is the medium through which sound is transmitted, and on its reflective and dispersive properties the solar light depends. Without it objects could be seen only in the direct rays. 'Every shadow of a passing cloud would be pitchy darkness; the stars would be visible all day, and every apartment into which the sun had not direct admission would be involved in nocturnal obscurity.' These powers of the atmosphere are increased by the action of the solar rays, which produce an irregularity in the temperature of the different masses of air. It is necessary, therefore, to diffuse in an agreeable manner the solar light, and mitigate its intensity. Without it we should have nothing but the glare of intense sunshine or the most impenetrable darkness. It is not only necessary to animal life itself, but to the more exalted faculties of man. 'Supposing we could live in its absence, however perfect might be our organs of speech and hearing, we should possess them in vain. Voice we might have, but no word could we utter; listeners we might be, but no sound could we hear. The earth would present itself to our imaginations as a soundless desert.'

It retains and diffuses heat, whether from the sun above or from internal sources. By these means, the temperature of the seasons is regulated, and the seas kept liquid. In this, however, its pressure is an important element. Were it not for the atmospheric pressure, our globe would be surrounded with a thick vapor. This pressure is necessary also to all organized bodies, composed of solids and of fluids. At great heights, where it is less, difficulties are always experienced by the adventurous traveller. Nearly all the young Americans who attempted to ascend Popocatepetl, which has an elevation of seventeen thousand seven hundred and twenty feet above the sea, were compelled to return long before they reached the highest point. They experienced great difficulty in breathing, and in a few instances the blood oozed out of their lips. This resulted from the fact that the atmospheric pressure was not sufficient to regulate the elasticity or expansive power of the fluid portion of the body. The atmospheric pressure is so small, says Humboldt, in his '*Aspects of Nature*,' at an elevation of thirteen thousand four hundred and seventy-three feet, on the plateau of Antisana, that the cattle, when hunted with dogs, bleed from the nose and mouth. Herr Von Tschudi, referred to by Humboldt, in the work just mentioned, thinks the death of the dogs and cats, in the elevated town of Cerro de Pasco, is the consequence of the absence of sufficient atmospheric pressure. 'Innumerable attempts have been made to keep cats in this town, which is fourteen thousand and one hundred feet above the level of the sea, but such attempts have failed; both cats and dogs die at the end of a few days,

in fits. The cats are taken at first with convulsive movements, when they try to climb, but soon fall back, exhausted and motionless, and die.' It is necessary also to the vegetable kingdom. Plants depend on the atmosphere, as well as animals; they are therefore provided with porous openings in their leaves. They have a kind of respiratory system connected with their external and internal coverings, which is quite as important to them in the evaporation, inhalation, and exhalation of their fluids, as these functions are to animals; and the elasticity of all those fluids depends on the atmospheric pressure. It is owing to this fact, that the Alpine plants are adapted, by their more abundant pores, to their elevated position, and cannot be successfully cultivated in the low grounds. The increased pressure disturbs these vital functions, and sooner or later destroys them. This pressure, then, is as essential to life as the gases on which it depends. In the physical, as well as in our moral nature, certain restraints are necessary. When the first are removed, or when we are placed above the restraining pressure, the fluids of the body burst the delicate vessels, no longer able to restrain their elasticity; and when the 'interior power gives up its authority, the animal and the sensual take the place of the human and the spiritual.'

The tops of our highest mountains are covered perpetually with snow; establishing most clearly, that the solar rays would not be sufficient, without the aid of the atmosphere, to prevent a universal destruction of vegetable life. Without the atmosphere, the earth would be as barren and lifeless as the moon appears to be; yet it is not essential to any of the great mechanical functions of our planet in the economy of the solar system. The earth would perform its regular revolutions, maintain its axis, and discharge all its various offices in the system of which it is a member, without this envelope. But it would be an arid waste; volcanoes it might have, but no cities for destruction; mountains and valleys might diversify its surface, but they would be unenlivened by the murmur of streams, or the music of animate nature. Through its agency, the most remote climates are brought into a mutual exchange with each other, and their extremes greatly modified.

This important appendage, or envelope, is dependant on a thousand agents for its elementary parts. Each thing acts upon every thing else, and all are bound together by relations and dependances which pervade the universe. Volcanoes and warm springs; decomposing rocks and decaying vegetable and animal matter; the respiration of animals and the combustion of the various articles of fuel, keep up the proportion of carbonic acid, so important to the vegetable kingdom; while the respiration of plants and various other natural agents, maintain the proportion of oxygen, upon which animal life depends. The alkalis are found in all felspathic and other rocks of igneous origin; from which they are disengaged by the action of the atmosphere and water. Had they been deposited in the earth, or in any easily soluble form, they would have been washed away in a short time. But deposited as they are, the action of the elements is just sufficient to keep up the necessary supply.

In the new edition of Professor Danberry's work on volcanoes, re-

cently published, he says, 'potash, soda, certain earthly phosphates, lime and magnesia, must be present wherever a healthy vegetation proceeds. Now, some of these bodies are naturally insoluble in water, while others are dissolved with such readiness, that any conceivable supply of them, in their isolated condition, would be speedily carried off and find its way into the ocean. The first, therefore, must be rendered more soluble, the latter less so, than they are by themselves. Now, the manner in which nature has availed herself of the instrumentality of volcanoes to effect both these opposite purposes, is equally beautiful and simple. She has, in the first place, brought to the surface, in the form of lava and trachyte, vast masses of matter containing the alkalies, lime and magnesia, in what I have termed a *dormant* condition; that is, so united by the force of cohesion and of chemical affinity as not to be readily disengaged and carried off by the water. . . . She has also provided, in the carbonic acid which is so copiously evolved from volcanoes, and which consequently impregnates the springs, in these very countries, more particularly where volcanic products are found, an agent capable, as completely as muriatic acid, though more slowly, of acting upon these rocks, of separating the alkalies and alkaline earths, and of presenting them to the vessels of plants in a condition in which they can be assimilated. Thus, every volcanic as well as every granitic rock contains a store-house of alkali for the future exigencies of the vegetable world; while the former is also charged with those principles which are often wanting in granite, but which are no less essential to many plants. I mean lime and magnesia. Had the alkalies been present in the ground in beds or isolated masses, they would have been speedily washed away, and the vegetables that require them would by this time have been restricted to the immediate vicinity of the ocean.' But large quantities of the alkalies and phosphates are carried into the ocean, where they are held in solution. These are collected by the *algae*, sea-weeds, which, although humble in the vegetable kingdom, are important in the economy of nature. These weeds are seen clinging to the rocks, or floating along the coasts, as idle vagrants of the deep; but they are not idle, not useless. The alkalies and phosphates held in solution by the salt water are collected by them and deposited on the coast, where they become useful, and, in many places, as in the north of Scotland, indispensably necessary. By the manure supplied by the decaying algae the peaty and waste soils are made productive, and potatoes raised in large quantities, where without it nothing could be produced. It is, indeed, a strange and melancholy sight, to see the thousands of poor people hurrying and driving along the coast at low tide, contending for these tangled weeds, upon which their very existence depends.

The algae are most beautifully adapted to the office they perform. Other vegetables are stationary, and derive their nourishment from the soil in which they are rooted and the atmosphere surrounding them; but these weeds have no roots. They have simple processes, or hooks only, for the purpose of clinging on the rocks. Their nourishment is derived not from the soil, for they have no connection with it, but from the alkalies and phosphates held in solution in the salt water. The

plant is kept up, and the branches and leaves expanded by means of air bags, which are peculiar to this family, and it is by these they are floated to the shore. They lessen the specific gravity of the plant, and float it around the ocean, thus bringing it in contact with the alkalies and phosphates, which it collects.

Turning again to volcanoes, we find that they also supply nitrogen and carbon; the first in ammonia, and the last in carbonic acid. It is thus that these mighty agents of destruction, which seem the real antagonists of life, are in fact the appointed means of supplying the materials out of which all organized bodies are fashioned. Warm and mineral springs also contribute to the proportion of elements, so important in life. These agents, volcanoes and mineral springs, are connected with the interior of our globe; and as they supply the gases which nature is most constantly demanding, it may be inferred that the earth contains within itself a sufficiency for all future periods. As these gases depend in some degree on the proportion of animal and vegetable life, and the action of the atmosphere, they are in some measure unequally distributed; but this difficulty is relieved by the winds. They carry the excess of oxygen from the tropical regions to the higher latitudes, to give breath and heat to animals, and the surplus carbonic acid from the higher latitudes to the tropical forests.

Thus throughout the whole universe there is an uninterrupted chain of relations and dependances. We live not for ourselves, but for every one, for every thing else. There is no independence in the economy of God; all are ministers of His manifold designs, and fellow-laborers in accomplishing the object of His creation. Between the office performed by the algae and the necessities of man there exists, as we have seen, an important and highly interesting relation. Not less so is that which we maintain with the worm beneath our feet. The one gathers the materials scattered through the vast ocean and deposits them on the shore, where they fertilize and enrich the soil, while the other purifies that soil by extracting all injurious substances. For man all things seem to have been created. To supply his wants and gratify his desires a teeming world empties its rich profusion at his feet. To soften and ennoble his character, the music of a thousand spheres exalts its melody. There is not a natural law connected with the force of attraction, the size, axis, and revolution of the earth; the proportion of land and water; mountain and valley; the composition of the earth, or of the atmosphere that surrounds it; or of heat and cold, that does not in some way, more or less important, affect the physical, intellectual, and moral character of man. This intimate relation imposes certain restraints and corresponding penalties for their violation. In our simplest exertions a hundred laws are involved, like so many wheels in a machine, and the most perfect harmony in their action is essential to success. If it were not for the laws of gravitation and repulsion we could not walk, and these depend on the relative magnitude of the earth and our bodies. The depth of the atmosphere, as we have seen, determines the condition of our fluids, and the resistance of our blood-vessels, while our respiration and transpiration are regulated by its weight, moisture, and temperature.

There is one general law, to which we will devote the remainder of this article. We mean that which regulates the expansive power of all fluid, and most of the solid bodies of our globe, when heated. Heated atmosphere or gases rise, as water does, in the form of steam. By this law we are relieved from the carbonic acid gas thrown off in respiration, which would prove injurious if reinhaled. It is heated, and therefore lighter, and as soon as respired or thrown off it rises, while a purer atmosphere is inhaled. Here this law protects us from a most deadly poison. Our rains of course depend on this law, with all the blessings which follow in their train. But there are limits to this, as to every thing else, and these, in this case, are quite as important as the law itself. Water is evaporated by heat, and the vapor ascends; hence the phenomena of clouds and rain and snow; but it is condensed by cold to a certain point only. It has been ascertained that forty degrees is the mean point, and that water expands when above or below that degree. The necessity of this change is most striking, and the fact itself a most convincing evidence of the wisdom and goodness of the CREATING POWER. If ice were heavier than water, it would sink as fast as formed on the surface, and unless as rapidly thawed by the under layers, would soon fill up our lakes and rivers with solid bodies of ice, to the destruction of all animate matter in them. It is therefore as important that water should expand when frozen as it is that vapor and heated atmosphere should rise. Thus we see the importance of this general law, and the no less important limit to its action in the case of water.

We have thus, as far as our space permitted, grouped together in one general view a few of the most interesting phenomena, showing at the same time the relation they sustain to each other, and how the phenomena of life itself depends on the continued and harmonious action of the multiplied physical forces, which keep every part of the vast machinery in motion. In this view many of the most mysteries agents have not been referred to, because their connection could not be explained in an article of this character. We have not noticed that mighty net-work of electricity and magnetism which constitutes the nervous system of our planet; an invisible and irresistible agent pervading all nature. 'It circulates through all the organs of plants and animals, and acting on the nerves, promotes the circulation of the organic juices; flashes from the thunder cloud; illumines the wide canopy; draws iron to iron, and directs the silent recurring march of the guiding needle;' lights the north with the changing and varied colors of the aurora; keeps the different particles of the earth's surface in an unceasing action by the exchange of properties; 'sustains a manifest relation to all phenomena of the distribution of heat, of the pressure of the atmosphere, and its disturbances;' is now the defence of a South American eel; and now the fearful presiding spirit of the approaching storm. Its agency is undoubtedly as important as it is mysterious.

Truly, all the elements and laws in nature, sustain an intimate relation to each other; all have appropriate duties to perform; and it may be doubted whether the action of the least and apparently the most useless agent in the vast domain of God, can be dispensed with. The

venomous insect beneath our feet, and the noblest and best of our domestic animals; the terrible forces of the earth, the tornado and volcano; the gently murmuring spring, and the boisterous ocean, the forest monarch and the pale forget-me-not within its shade, are all witnesses of creative POWER, and ministers of good. Man, to whom the distinguishing characteristics of reason and free-will have been given, is the only unfaithful servant. Every thing else performs a part, and performs it well.

Throughout this article, we have repeatedly referred existing phenomena to an invisible but all powerful cause, without and above the various physical agents which have been noticed. The division and distribution of the continental and oceanic elements; the analogous forms and arrangements of the continents and their reliefs; the harmonious action of the multiplied forces and agents of nature; the importance of the atmosphere, and the laws which make it the medium of exchange between the solid and fluid parts of our planet; and the local and highly important compensations by which the tendency of general laws is limited or controlled, cannot be explained by any proximate cause. The importance of these arrangements and the adaptation of the different agents to each other, and the harmony of the ever acting and reacting forces, which constitute the life of our planet, point us to some ulterior cause for the explanation we seek. If the existing continental forms were less intimately connected with the laws by which the other elements are controlled, and less essential in the economy of life, the evidence of original design which they furnish, would fail to convince the mind, however analogous they might be in themselves. Certain analogies might exist between continents, thrown up to their position by the same indeterminate force; but that these analogies should exist just where they are required, and that contrasts should appear whenever they are essential, could not be expected without the agency of some designing intelligence. If a single note of discord could be heard, or an irregular movement detected in the vast domain of nature, then would we in some degree be excusable for seeking the primary cause of all these forces and forms in a power less perfect than the Omnipotent and Omnipresent CREATOR. We are not, however, left thus to grope our way through discordant and conflicting elements. The 'sensitive and reverent ear' of nature's votary is cheered with the perpetual and harmonious strain of her countless encouraging voices, which seem even now to recall images of primal innocence and beauty.

The unequally woven carpet of flowers and plants, with which the earth is covered as with a garment, minister alike to the wants of animal life, and the exquisite sensibilities of the refined and intellectual, while every department and recess of nature teems with animal existence equally important and interesting. Far down in the bowels of the earth, where light cannot penetrate, and high above the region of perpetual snow, the chosen abode of the giant condor, the almost ceaseless hum of busy life may be heard, and its various changes distinctly traced. From the little animalculæ with its existence of a moment, up through the multiplied grades and forms of life to the intel-

lectual sovereign, whose spiritual part at least is inseparably interwoven with things eternal.

Each step we take in this mighty temple of varied organisms, at the head of which, and as the crowning piece, man, the noblest of created beings, has been placed, suggests new inquiries, which unanswered turn back upon the startled imagination, arousing the dormant faculties of the soul to contemplations of a higher order. 'The strain of music from the lyre of science flows on, rich and sweet, full and harmonious, but never reaches a close; no cadence is heard with which the intellectual ear can feel satisfied. . . . The idea of some closing strain seems to lurk among our own thoughts, waiting to be articulated in the notes which flow from the knowledge of external nature. The idea of something ultimate in our philosophical researches, something in which the mind can acquiesce, and which will leave us no further questions to ask of *whence*, and *why*, and by what *power*, seems as if it belonged to us; as if we could not have it withheld from us by any imperfection or incompleteness in the actual performance of science. What is the meaning of this conviction? What is the reality thus anticipated? Whither does the development of this idea conduct us?

Beyond the horizon that binds our vision, and there only, will these questions, and others of a similar character, be satisfactorily answered. Thither with anxious eyes and trembling steps, with deeper interest and increasing humility and reverence, we advance. Confidently expecting an explanation of these mysteries, and a more perfect revelation of the glories, which are seen now through an obscured and imperfect vision only, when the material veil is removed from the grand, still mirror of eternity.

C L O U D S .

'In all clouds that surround the soul there are angel faces, and we should see them, if we were calm and holy.'

MRS. CHILD.

THERE 's naught more loudly than the parched-up earth
Bespeaks the need of interposing POWER;
'T is HE alone can send the blessed shower,
And plenty spread where threatened late the dearth.
Of clouds, then, mortal! learn the priceless worth,
And murmur not, however thick they lower,
How dark soe'er they make the present hour.

The cloud so small the fingers e'en could girth,
Grew larger as the prophet prayed, and brought
God 's richest smile, for years, to ISRAEL given:
Then *pray* for clouds that guard the *soul* from drought,
Large clouds, whose grief-flood shows a spirit riven;
The thickest clouds with greatest good are fraught —
They 're but the faces of the host of heaven.

J. CLEMENT.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept., 1850.

THE DEMON-BRIDE.

THE following curious poem was found among the neglected manuscripts of a young physician, who has long abandoned the poetic art for more practical, and certainly more profitable, pursuits. It appears to us to embody much of the felicity of diction and wild beauty of Goethe's 'Bride of Corinth;' at least it is the nearest English approximation to that poem which we know of.

I.

IN the ages which we call benighted,
And the German's old and wondrous land,
In an upmost story dimly lighted,
By a long and narrow wooden stand,
Darkly stained with blood,
The Dissector stood,
Held a purpled knife within his hand.

II.

'T was late, and all his comrades had departed,
Left him at his table there alone;
On the dreamy student, heavy-hearted,
Midnight stars in silent wonder shone;
From his eyes there came
Flashes, as of flame,
Born of sorrows to the world unknown.

III.

To the church-yard in the moonlit meadow
Earthly hopes and earthly joys were borne;
Stolen to the land of dream and shadow
From his bleeding heart, her heart was torn;
She his love allowed,
But her kinsmen proud
Had repulsed his gentle suit with scorn.

IV.

Droop'd the lady with her crushed devotion,
Nourished and concealed the fatal flame,
When her heart surceased its sacred motion,
Sister to the angels she became;
He, oppressed with grief,
Sought a poor relief
In his studies of the human frame.

V.

Quietly the youth a corpse uncovered,
By the sunken drapery revealed;
Awful thoughts around him never hovered
Near the dead; his heart had long been steeled:
Starting with a thrill,
Stood he then as still
As a brook by winter winds congealed.

VI.

Lay before him there a beauteous maiden,
(High born damsel,) stolen from the tomb,
Dead; but DEATH had not her features laden
With his characters of fearful gloom:
On her roseate face
Lingered every trace
Of her girlhood's gentleness and bloom.

VII.

To her breast the hair hung down in tresses,
Curling like the tendrils of the vine;
Ripe her lip was for the sweet caresses,
Swoll'n with love, and red as if with wine:
Of the purest gold
And the lightest mould,
Finger-rings threw out their fairy shine.

VIII.

Was the body and the chamber haunted?
For the youth did not remove his gaze:
Like a marble shaft he stood enchanted,
And his eyes had frenzy in their blaze:
The Dissector's room
Lost to him its gloom —
Was surrounded with a golden haze.

IX.

Hung with damask curtains seemed the windows;
O'er the mantel ticked the household chime;
One small flame flared up from out the cinders;
Like a bed whereto a bride might climb
Seemed his table, high
And broad unto his eye,
Decked with pillows of the olden time.

X.

Lovingly upon the snowy linen
Lay the form of Beauty he beheld:
Mouth and eyes were sparkling, soft, and winning;
In her breast the maiden fervor swelled:
Manliest virtues melt;
He enamored felt;
To her heart his throbbing heart impelled.

XI.

'Art thou, lost one, come from blissful Eden
To assuage my bosom's burning pain?
Nevermore, O rare and radiant maiden!
Shall the fates dispart our souls again!
Heaven will not divide
Bridegroom from his bride:
Angels are singing now our marriage strain.'

XII.

On her neck he fell oppressed and panting ;
Blent his lip in madness with her own :
Round his form she locked her arms enchanting ;
Cold her arms as chiseled out of stone :
Drooped his trembling head,
Sight and hearing fled,
And his soul dissolved in joys unknown.

XIII.

When the sun threw from his burning quiver
Ray-like arrows, beaming far and wide,
Stark and cold lay out the pallid lover,
Silent at the demon-maiden's side :
Death was on his brow,
Heaven had heard his vow,
And he was not parted from his bride.

THE INDIAN LOVER'S FLUTE.

IN AN EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR.

MY DEAR MR. KNICKERBOCKER : It was Horace Walpole, I think, who remarked, that the love of music is the only earthly passion in which we can hope to be indulged in heaven. And it is a curious fact, that she, the eldest of the Arts, having been the beloved of angels from the beginning, seems in all cases to have taken precedence of the sisterhood, as the aid and coadjutor of man in his progress from barbarism to civilization. It is said, no race has yet been found so brutish and debased as to be entirely without religion ; some shadow or type of religious feeling ; some worship or reverence for the supernatural, be it God or devil ; and I have yet to hear of the discovery of any tribe so dull and stupid as to be without some means of showing that the natural man has an ear 'attuned to the concord of sweet sounds.' Indeed the two seem to have a natural and almost individual connection. Depending neither upon form, color nor any tangible quality ; depending little upon the education of the senses as a means for its enjoyment, Music is ever the gentle and winning handmaiden of religion. Both speak to us as it were from within, and while the most unlettered christian, ignorant alike of the power it exercises and the artistic means by which it is produced, chants forth his simple melody with a fervor and pathos alike purifying and exalting on the one hand, we behold on the other a Beethoven, well nigh dead to outward sense, deaf and almost blind, still pouring forth his soul in the composition of sublime harmonies, which at once transport us by the depth and purity of their devotion. But it is not over the religious sensibilities alone that music exercises an important influence. From the days of Tubal

Cain to the present, from her felicity in expressing all the delicate and tender emotions of the heart, of giving voice and utterance to the aspirations of hope, the sighings of absence, the triumphs of success or the dull moodiness of despair, she has been also the constant companion and the handmaiden of *Love*, and it is in this connection that I have ventured to submit to you the following leaves.

My brother Mac, a harum-scarum wild boy of nineteen, who was for some years resident with the Winnebagoes, among other Indian curiosities, for the transmission of which he had a standing order, has sent me a very rude and primitive-looking musical instrument, which he chooses to dignify with the name of flute, but which bears about as much resemblance to that dignified and refined pet of the orchestra as it does to a trombone. He informs me that it bore an important part in a little love tragedy which occurred not many years since in that tribe; that it belonged to a young brave; but I shall let Mac tell you the story himself. Thus he writes:

Young Miastonemoh, (the Killer of Eagles,) was a brave of no ordinary pretension or ability. Uniting great beauty and manliness of person with remarkable agility and strength, he at once excited the admiration, the envy and the emulation of his fellows. To his skill and address was committed the training of the fiercest of the wild horses of the prairies. No eye was so calm as his, no arm so nervous and no blade so keen in the deadly combat with the dreaded grisly-bear; while to his success in that most difficult of feats, the killing of the bald eagle, the name he bore was sufficient testimony. Modest and gentle in his ways, accomplished in all that captivates an Indian maiden's heart; (and the heart of the Indian girl is quickly won by kindness of manner, by that subdued gentleness, which seems to yield while it commands;) and rich moreover in beaver skins and buffalo marrow, you may be sure dark eyes flashed warmly upon the young brave as he passed, and many a dusky bosom throbbed responsive to his step. The Indian, if any way noticeable, either for bravery and address, or for an accumulation of more tangible wealth, generally marries early, and Miastonemoh had no very decided objections to a wife. But in looking around his tribe for one 'whose smiles should warm his wigwam like the sunlight,' he could see neither beauty nor worth in any save the fair Liastonoluh, (Hair of the Sunbeams,) the daughter of a pale-face, stolen many years before, when a child, by a party of the tribe, while on a raid against the whites, south of the Sheboygan. She had now seen seventeen summers, was tall for her years, and had all that native grace of look and bearing which result from perfect freedom of will and dress. Her complexion, which in childhood had been pure as the lily, was now, from long exposure to the smoke of the cabin and the sun of the prairies, changed to a clear and rosy olive, while her hair, originally of the purest auburn, had been tinged, until it resembled, more than any thing else, the last golden rays of the setting sun; a variation from the regular glossy black of the Indians so remarkable as to warrant the tribe in their aboriginal notions of nomenclature, in giving her a name expressive of the fact. Thus far, either from her child-like fairness and delicacy, or from some capricious freak on the

part of her captors, she had been exempted from the severe and degrading labor to which Indian women are most generally subjected. Indeed, although she knew no other parents than the old chief and his venerable squaw, with whom she was domiciled, she was yet an Indian but by association, and her white blood would doubtless have rebelled with a natural pride at the performance of any menial office. Wild, free and joyous, perfectly at home, whether scouring across the prairies on her white mustang or in paddling her bark canoe among the swift currents and dark eddies of the Mississippi, Liastonoluh was at once the pride and the pet of the nation. She was not long in discovering that the young brave was her ardent admirer. How, it might be difficult to tell, only that it was by the same sort of animal magnetism or spiritual telegraphing that such psychological facts are usually brought to light. Indeed, the discovery seems to have been mutual and simultaneous, and Miastonemoh, having made up his mind, (a grave matter that, master Fritz,) set himself seriously about winning the maiden's heart after the manner most approved among the beaux of the Winnebagoes.

After repeated efforts, with much labor and some rude skill, he fashioned this flute, (for you must know a lover there attacks his mistress' heart much as Joshua did Jericho,) and taking advantage of the evening of the first new moon, alike the most favorable time for corn planting and love making, he sallied forth. Stopping occasionally to blow a few notes at the doors of the young squaws, his neighbors, more to let them know they had nothing farther to expect than to exhibit any great proficiency on his instrument, he settled himself at last before the wigwam of Liastonoluh, and there he tootle, tootle, tootled away, now a joyous note and then a plaintive one, according as his hopes of a favorable reception rose or fell, for full an hour. Still there was no answer. Miastonemoh was a persevering man, as well as a brave one. In so good a cause he was as little to be discouraged by delay as he was to be daunted by difficulties; so he kept on, tootle, tootle-too, the only response to his tones being the occasional whurr of the night-hawk, or a sharp, unmusical bark from the sentinel of an adjacent colony of prairie-dogs. The night advanced. The stars had lighted the young moon like a bride to her rest, still no answer, and still his patience grew, until at last, 'in tremulous voice and low,' there broke upon the calm night, like the first murmuring wave upon an untroubled pool, one of the hundred little love songs with which the Indian maidens solace their idle hours. Joy to the lover then! His hopes were crowned: the maiden recognized and accepted his suit. His code of gallantry forbade his pressing it farther on that occasion; so putting all his skill into one loud joyous blast, he tootled out his adieu, and with his red heart beating the rapid buffalo-dance against his swarthy chest, he marched proudly back to his wigwam.

Now you must know this scene was to be performed weekly at the quarterings of the moon, until she should again renew her horns, before he could consider the maiden fairly and finally his own. Until such lapse of time she was of course at liberty to jilt or otherwise dispose of him; but the month once elapsed, and all things having gone

smoothly, she had no further choice. A very proper and sensible arrangement, which, were it only introduced into civilized life, would save many a young gallant a short eternity of heart-ache. During the intervals between these weekly serenades the young brave must leave the flute, together with his medicine-bag, conspicuously suspended from the tree nearest the wigwam of his intended. If it remained unmolested, all was well. Liastonoluh was at liberty to take it away if she pleased, but by such an act she signified the absolute rejection of him and his suit. No other member of the tribe would dare molest it. The medicine-bag made it perfectly 'taboo.' An Indian would as soon have thought of defying the GREAT SPIRIT in the war-path as to have meddled with any thing placed under the protection of the mysterious medicine-bag. Beside in this case the bravery and prowess of the lover were a perpetual caution against any interference with his arrangements. Meanwhile all seemed prosperous. Here music, rude and semi-barbarous though it was, was still 'the food of love.' Mias-tonemoh 'played on' with diligence and success. The course of their love seemed flowing as smoothly as the silent waters by which they daily wandered. Together in their light canoe they floated away over the dark bosom of the Mississippi; together sought the cooling shade where the wild frost-grapes' tendrils, twining with the pendant branches of the elm, had formed an arbor o'er the water's brink; or mounted on his wildest horse, had galloped away across the wide plain, to meet the cool breeze which fanned the leaves of the distant prairie islands. The moon waxed old apace, and all was well. Thrice had Liastonoluh answered his ditty, when, wo to his hopes! on the night before his last and final declaration was to have been made, flute, medicine-bag and all disappeared! Astonishment, grief, wounded pride, alternately reigned and raged within him. He would not believe the maiden could so coolly wrong him; and yet he had not an enemy in the tribe, even had an enemy dared to do it. It was barely possible jealousy might have prompted it. He instantly sought the play-ground of his fellows, but no eyes were cast down, no face was averted. He saw there no indication that any one had so insulted the GREAT SPIRIT, or so deeply injured himself; beside, the cord which bound them had been carefully untied, not severed as if in haste. It must have been Liastonoluh herself. It could scarcely have been another. Sadly enough did he go through the warlike exercises of the day. Liastonoluh met him with a smile, but he construed it into an expression of triumph. Pride prevented his seeking an explanation, even had the code-matrimonial of the tribe permitted. This was the test-act of the whole affair. Not that in it was any of the true mystery of love making; it was only in the notions of the venerable matrons and midwives of the tribe a ceremonial fit and proper to be observed, which could in no way be evaded or put aside. It was indeed the sign manual, which secured to the marriageable daughters of the nation the indefeasible right of doing as they pleased, without a reason; of jilting a lover without a moment's notice, and 'without a why or wherefore.' She was not to be questioned. The flute and medicine-bag, the insignia of his adoration, were gone. Doubtless she had taken them as a trophy. All was at an end.

The evening came, and Liastonoluh sat waiting for the coming of her lover. She had not taken the flute away; and, moreover, she heartily loved the young brave. The night wore on, and wore out. She heard naught save the shriek of the owl, as with ominous cries he stood sentry near her lodge. Why came he not? Was he on the war-path? They were at peace with all their enemies. Was he ill? Was he dead? The early sunrise saw her abroad to learn. In the path which led by the water's side to the council-chamber she met him. She would have rushed to his arms, but he turned aside, that she might pass, while the red anger mounted to his cheeks. Then first it flashed upon her that his neglect was intentional. The blood rushed in a flood back upon her heart for an instant, and then, as she passed slowly by, with haughty steps and averted eyes, went boiling through her veins at the indignity she had received. Now all was indeed at an end: she would tear him from her heart, as false and unworthy her regard. Not so with Miastonemoh. His pride was touched, but so was his heart; and the lingering weeks, as they wore away, still found him idle, listless, and reserved. He deserted the play-ground, the chase, and the council-chamber, to loiter away his time in watching the ceaseless breaking of the waves upon the long beach, or in slowly wandering along the skirts of the prairie. In vain his young friends rallied him. His elasticity was gone, his eyes were sunken, his arm seemed nerveless, and his laugh forgotten.

Things were thus decidedly bad, when one morning as he stood moodily observing the young braves practising their games in the play-ground, one of their scouts rushed into camp with the cry that their old enemies the Sacs were upon them. Instantly all was hurry and confusion, rushing in hot haste to horse, and clamoring for arms. Miastonemoh turned silently away, took his quiver of arrows and his shield of buffalo hide, mounted a wild horse he had caught and half broken long before, and rode straight to the wigwam of Liastonoluh. He found her standing like a frightened fawn at the door. He fixed his eyes upon her for a brief space and said:

'Does Liastonoluh fear to die? Let the words of Miastonemoh lay like a stone at the heart of the deceitful. He will pass from the war-path to the happy hunting-grounds beyond. Had she chosen to walk by his side they would together have wandered over the bright prairies of the spirit land. She gave sweet words to a brave of the Winnebagoes, but poured bitterness into his heart. And now when the war-cry of the Sac cometh the proud maiden trembles, for she must journey alone through the shadowy land that leads to the last home of the pale-faces!' He gave no time for reply, but suddenly lashing his horse to speed, dashed to the plain. The battle was neither long nor bloody. The enemy were driven off with loss. On retiring from the field the Winnebagoes found that but a single warrior was missing, but that one, alas! was the gallant and beloved Miastonemoh! He had been seen in a hand-to-hand conflict with the most renowned chief of the enemy, had repelled and driven him, and when last seen was in hot pursuit. Who could doubt but that, having pursued his adversary beyond the bounds of prudence, his life had been sacrificed

to his rashness. Such was indeed the fact. Hemmed in by numbers who closed upon his rear, the young brave had no alternative but to sell his life as dearly as possible, and when at last his horse fell hamstrung, himself, pierced by an hundred arrows, yielded his strong breath only to the fierce spear-thrust of the most stalwart of his foes.

His dark scalp-lock still ornaments the war-club of the first warrior of the Sacs !

The maiden's pride failed with the death of her lover. The rose left her cheek and her eyes lost their brightness. Some years have passed, and still in the summer evenings, pale and wan, she sits at her cabin door, and with plaintive voice chaunts the death-song of the lost Miastonemoh.

Here ends Mac's tale. How the flute came into his possession is more than I should be able to qualify. I only know that I have it. He's an honest boy and a clever, in the main, and yet I am constrained to allow that had he chosen to carry it off, neither the medicine-bag nor the prowess of the young brave would have proved any bar to the accomplishment of his design. A natural contempt for all kinds of superstition would have rendered him as careless of the one as a Colt's revolver, his constant companion, would have made him indifferent to the other. As for facts, I give you the tale as 't was told to me. Yours truly,

MAURICE FRITZ.

A S T O R M.

WHERE from columnar cliffs the clamoring sea-gulls
Dive to the ocean's ever tumbling foam ;
Where above golden vapors golden eagles
Wheel in swift orbits under Jove's blue dome ;
Where royal lion-hounds and yelping beagles
Range through the ancient forests of Illome,
There amid Plutonic mountains duly
Fortress-girdled, lies the land of THULE.

A grisly juggler and his black banditti
Held in old time this pleasant territory :
But knights now buried sacked his silver city,
Flinging from the rocks this wizard hoary :
He became a whale (a spermaceti)
And has been seen by Northmen in their barks,
Baited through all the Arctic seas by sharks.

Now it was night. A fierce and roaring storm
Marched up the glimmering sky his black brigades,
Clouds and pale fire begirt his awful form ;
Vaporous cavaliers and giant shades
Crowded th' horizon, while the ponderous ordnance
Rumbled through darkness with a deep discordance.

Now the wild lightning was let slip, and tore
The hollow clouds. The thunder like a dragon,
Sprang to the ground, and with an awful roar,
Burst through the cracking caves of old Mount Zagon :

Then, burrowing down through its foundations four,
 Roved growing through those halls of gold and granite,
 Where dwell the goblin-kings of this brave planet.

The winds then blew, and the swift rains descending,
 Filled to the brim with foam the mountain lochs ;
 Through the thick darkness shot bright rockets, rending
 From Zagon's pinnacles the topmost blocks.
 The woods resounded ; with the tumult blending,
 Arose old Ocean's uproar by the rocks.
 On a scarped mist stood ranged a line of gunners
 From Hell's grim garrison, and fired loud thunders.

Each flash revealed that diabolic corps
 Pounding their cartridges with iron rammers,
 Wrought in huge furnaces from Tophet's ore.
 Louder and wilder rose th' infernal clamors :
 Swift through the tempest frightful thunders tore,
 And towers fell as struck by brazen hammers.
 Beneath this battery strange tall war-ships quivered,
 Their bulwarks being stove and topmasts shivered.

In truth it was a most rebellious night :
 The awakened monsters in their dens lay growling,
 To their feet starting as each sharp light
 Kindled the caves. The swamp-dogs covered howling,
 And even spectres kept their graves from fright :
 Demons alone around the land went prowling,
 Sent on secret, black, and midnight missions,
 By the Oriental College of Magicians.

That night a curséd and malignant Moor,
 Of morals loose and principles oblique,
 Abetted by a hairy Tartar Sheikh,
 And by a certain chemist of Darfour,
 Who often caused the sheeted dead to squeak,
 Desiring slumbering Christendom to harass,
 To Thulé came and stole the royal heiress.

The morning came : the Storm's decamping forces
 Stood out to sea : we saw their sun-streaked backs
 Dip in the west ; along the river-courses
 White fogs and vapors rolled in mighty stacks :
 The Knights of Thulé fiercely spurred their horses
 Through the wet gorges on the Tartar's tracks ;
 But the old gray monarch beat his forehead,
 And heedless of his counsellors, thus he sorrowed :

' O ! for a crack of old Olympic thunder !
 O ! for the batteries of Saturnian Zeus !
 O ! for a word to break the earth asunder,
 Ev'n to that gulf where through the Stygian sluice,
 Phlegethon rolls the world's deep arches under :
 O ! for that champion who with mind unshaken,
 Harpooned, on Norway's coast, the scaly Kraken !'

Y

THE POETRY OF CREATION.

BY A STUDENT OF NATURE.

As the stars pale before the sun, so does the poetry of man lose its brilliancy, when compared with the wonderful *poem* of the CREATOR. GOD is the SUPREME POET, and he deals not with words — mere shadows of things that are — but with the actual embodiments of poetry themselves: for there is in every object which HE has made something beside an outward, mechanical form: there is a spiritual meaning, a living lesson, to be drawn from every thing.

This world is not merely the rugged spot on which we are to struggle for a foot-hold on life — to toil for daily bread; but a bright member of the starry brotherhood, that range the fields of space, raising from every corner of the universe the harmonious anthem of praise; a region of still waters, and cooling shades, and bright birds, and blessed things, for the comfort of GOD's weary children. This world is a poem, written in letters of light on the walls of the azure firmament.

Man is not merely a creature displaying the endowment of two legs, and the only being qualified to study grammar; not an animal browsing in the fair fields of creation, and endeavoring with all possible grace to gild and swallow the pill of existence; but the master-piece in the mechanism of the universe, in whom are wedded the visible and the invisible, the material and the spiritual; before whom the waves of the ocean crouch, and on whom the winds and lightnings and the fire all wait to do his bidding; the great gardener in this garden of the LORD; the keeper of HIS great seal, for he alone is stamped with the image of GOD. Man is a glorious poem; each life a canto, each day a line. The melody plays feebly at first upon the trembling chords of his little heart, but with time gains power and beauty as it sweeps onward, until at last the final notes die away far, far above the world, amid the melodies of heaven.

Nature is not merely a senseless, arable clod, through which runs the golden vein, and o'er which waves the golden harvest; not a monster, to be bowed down by the iron fetters of rail-roads and telegraphs; but it is a grand old temple, whose star-lit dome and woodland aisles, and bright and happy choir, invite the soul to worship and to gratitude. Nature is a sweet poem: each downy-cheek'd floweret, each uncouth stone, and frowning mountain, and silvery river, are the bright syllables. And though the fall of man has thrown them into confusion, they shall be arranged once more in harmony; and the burthen of that song shall be beauty and praise to HIM from whom all beauty radiates.

How often, when the quiet night woos us forth to commune with Nature in her chastened robes, is our spirit thronged almost to oppression by thoughts new and inexpressible! When the bright moon, just risen above the hill-top or the peaceful waters, tinges the cloudy curtains that hang about the couch of the departed day, draws out the

long mysterious shadows, and locks in her white arms the slumbering earth; then, as we look above, can we say with him, who knew so well to express his lofty thoughts:

‘Ye stars, which are the *poetry* of heaven!
A beauty and a mystery, ye create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star!’

Why should we, then, give way to the absurdly-named practical spirit of these days? Physical good is not the only good of earth. The mind, the soul must be fed as well — ay, infinitely, rather than this feeble body. We are in the world to make ourselves blessed; and is not the bliss that comes from purifying the heart and enlightening the intellect more to be desired than the gratification of our sensual appetites? Let us, then, learn to analyze whatever we meet in the pilgrimage of life, and read the lesson of truth and beauty that God has stamped upon it. Then will the desert of the world gush out in fountains to refresh our flagging spirits and to brace our sinking frames. Z.

T H E R I V E R .

Ages long ago the Indian
Launched his bark canoe
On thy waters, silver river!
Ceaseless flowing on forever,
To the ocean blue;
But the white man came one day,
And the Indian passed away.

Rang the sound of axe and hammer
O'er the verdant plain;
Glowing in the sun of harvest,
Where had stood a mighty forest,
Waved the yellow grain;
Still the river danced along
To the murmur of its song.

Dewy mornings, blushing evenings
Fading into gray,
Spring awaking, Summer burning,
Painted Autumn oft returning,
Saw it roll away;
Still unmindful to the last,
Until Winter bound it fast.

Generations on its borders
Ripen and decay,
Strangers come to fill the places
Of the old familiar faces
That have passed away;
Time changes all, but by their graves
Unchanged shall flow its sparkling waves.

New-Bedford, (Mass.)

G. C. S.

S O N G .

IN my far northern home I have dream'd of a land
 By the side of whose rivers that flow to the sea,
 And over whose mountain-tops, rugged and grand,
 Roams the Goddess of LIBERTY, stainless and free!
 With a hue on her cheek like the blush of a rose,
 'With lips like a cherry and teeth like a pearl;'
 And often in dreams would my spirit repose,
 And bask in the smiles of the fair mountain girl!

From the depths of the sky comes the blue of her eye,
 And her clear ringing laugh from the bright wave that breaks
 And scatters its foam o'er the pebbles that lie
 And gleam in the sun, on the shores of her lakes;
 With her own native wild-flowers wreathed in her hair,
 I see her now smiling—ay, smiling on me!
 Reign forever, bright Goddess! my heart breathes the payer,
 And bless with thy presence the Land of the Free! R. S. O.

THE CLAIRVOYANT.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

'Folded eyes see brighter colors than the open ever do.'—E. B. BARRETT.

My vision was not of the night; I was not revelling in the land of dreams. A mortal, a human being, held over my bodily powers a monarch's sway; and thus my spirit was set free from the bondage of sense.

This person by whose aid I was loosened from consciousness of the fetters of flesh had exerted his power, thinking to guide *my* thoughts, to direct the workings of my mind also, by mere exercise of his will. But he had attempted that which was beyond his power of accomplishment; he could not control and enslave, even for an instant, the spirit which fled in that moment far beyond his empire, away from the things of time. He had looked upon me, and I know not how it was, but his strange gaze overpowered my nervous system, induced a sleep of the animal life; and then this panting, struggling soul escaped his influence, as it had that of the body. It went forth as the prisoned bird at the opening of its cage; it soared away from the earth which so long bound it. *From* the earth, I repeat; for its course was not, as had been anticipated, 'to the far and foreign lands.'

I was sick nigh unto death with the tumult, strife and confusion which had been my portion since my birth-hour. To a place of rest and peace, of holiness and contentment, to a 'house not made with

hands,' like a weary child I bent my course, and for the nonce time had no more dominion over me.

How pleasant, oh! how beautiful was that *going home*! At the moment of my release, remembrances of preëxistence, of a life which had been mine before ever I became a stranger and a pilgrim in the world, began to crowd upon me. Those moments of exaltation and of intensest yearning which I had known on earth now found a perfect exposition.

Never had the loves, the hopes and the aspirations of my mortal life satisfied me. It had seemed to me always that I had given for my earth-home an existence that was deeper, fuller, grander. Forever a mournful conviction of unfitness, incompleteness and imperfection had attended all my toil. Now for the first time could I understand that most sad, sweet saying, which, while it sets the 'apocalyptic NEVER' on all the hopes of the mortal, sheds brightness and glory on the aspiration of the immortal: '*Whatsoever thou desirest shall be granted thee the moment of thy death*;' for now had I anticipated the joyousness of that release, the glory of that freedom, which is the attendant of death. I understood then how it could, how it must be, that the human, groping in thick darkness on the earth, rarely accomplish the deeds and the work for which they are capacitated. They labor under constant difficulties, which astonish, and bewilder, and try the only half sentient soul. I knew at this moment how it could be that in death the veil was removed from their eyes; how they would perceive then, and clearly, the work which is their birthright, which the ALL-MERCIFUL will suffer them to carry forward to illimitable perfection in the eternal ages. For what is death but the mere closing of eyes on the temporal, that they may open again, and look with perfectly-discerning and clearly-penetrating gaze, on the eternal, the immutable?

As I said, when the mortal had so unwittingly set my spirit free, I felt that I was going home. Not to the Heaven, the World of the Resurrection, for that only may be entered by those who are forever done with life; and did not one of the earth guard for me my garments of mortality, which must be re-assumed? Neither to the homes of the dead went I; but into the wide and glorious soul-land, into the realm of the preëxistent!

Going home! to my mother, my blessed angel-mother, my spirit-mother; she who gave me to that beloved, my foster-parent, that we might for a few years be a joy and a help to one another. I was going into that land which the darkness knows not, which the light of purity enlivens; from whose altars ascend the incense of knowledge, whose foundations and pillars, whose rivers and whose fruits, whose thought and whose all-in-all, is God!

How can I tell with *words*, how can I speak as to be understood, of that realm upon which rests the eternal calmness, the everlasting beauty? By what terms common among men can I speak of the splendor and the blessedness of soul-land? Can you fix on the blind man's mind an idea of the glory of flowers; of the setting sun; of the face of beauty? Can you by prayers or groans or shrieks give to the dead assurance of

your love? Can the heart of the deaf thrill at the glad tones of your voice, or conceive of music?

Weakly, most faintly can I utter, and that with tears as I feel my weakness, what cannot be fully comprehended. How *could* one, save in soul-language, tell of the soul-life? Or how, with the types and figures of the dull insensate, can be made known the surpassing majesty of *that* intellectual, *that* unfading?

I made my journey 'thought rapid,' with a consciousness of freedom that was ecstasy itself. I had sought clairvoyance in a vague hope of being for a moment released from the sorrows which haunted me, even in my dreams. My last thought on earth had been of struggle and weariness, of disappointment and want. In the hard labor for daily bread I was exhausted. I no longer revelled in the idea of a better day. The exultation and defiance with which I had pressed on in the path of exertion was over; the strong will had become paralyzed by incessant reverses and rebuffs.

The awakening from despair, by the communication of glad tidings which overwhelm the troubled one with tumultuous joy, may afford an idea, most shadowy, it is true, but still an idea, of the exultation with which I went forth to my mother—to my home. If ever you have known such moments of sudden, unexpected bliss, you will remember how, when the wild joy had calmed into a blissful certainty, you cradled yourself in an intoxicating kind of *rest*; you will have a conception of the steady and buoyant and blessed peace which continued with me as I went my way. But when I entered the world of the preëxistent, I was conscious that a change, a wondrous and awful change, had been wrought in me since I had, years before, gone thence to the earth. As I moved through the stainless and the undefiled, I knew that I was no longer *of* them. In amazement they looked on me; none knew, none recognized; yet I knew them. I dared not offer them tokens of friendship and acquaintance; sin and evil had marked my soul; I was as Cain among them; the brand of guilt was upon me; *I was of the earth*. Oh, with what horror and shame did I confess this to myself! How desperately I strove to hide me from those inquiring glances! With what agony then did I go on my way, seeking for my mother! and with what fear was that search continued! Would she recognize, would she still love, would she hear me?

I saw her coming up from the far distance; the beautiful, the peerless, embodied in perfection. With her was another, purely bright as a sunbeam. What a fount of holy recollection opened as I saw those two together thus! So had *I* stood beside her; so had *I* listened to her teachings; so had *I* looked upon her with a boundless love and veneration.

She was speaking, my mother, to the child-soul with her, in that peculiar, touching manner, which I remembered well had been shown toward me that day when she sent me to the mortal state, and I felt that it must be so; she was about to give another of the untried, to battle with the 'clutching waves of sin.'

Inexpressibly grievous was the thought of my earth-home thus forced upon me; and in that moment all that I wished was to save my beauti-

ful, innocent soul-sister from contamination such as I had felt. I wished her never to know the agony of mortality. And it was therefore to save her, rather than with the joy of a reünion, that I stood forth from the obscurity which I had sought; it was therefore that for the first time speaking, I cried eagerly, sorrowfully: 'My mother, my mother, crucify her not!'

She looked upon me — she knew me! Of all who had forgotten, of all who had glanced on my soul with horror, she alone remembered. The dreaded climax, her forgetfulness and want of power to recognize, was spared — she knew, she loved me!

Then guided she the tempted, the tried, the tempest-tossed, to our home of the dear olden time; then stood we, mother and child, together as one; then looked we face to face; then spoke we one with the other.

'Thou art come back, my child, though the hour appointed has not arrived; yet it is well, for now shalt thou be the guardian of this other child, who is going forth to the earth.'

'O forbear! forbear!' I cried, interrupting her. 'Send her not, mother; she is not strong to combat, she is not brave to bear. Keep her under the shelter of thine eye, O mother!'

'Nay, it is written she shall go forth. Tell her now what is the earth, that she may know; tell her of the home which awaits her.'

'It is a desolate desert where there is no water; a parched and burning desert, without any shade-trees; a mighty desert, where the birds of prey build their nests — where the simoons rage. Wo to thee, sister, if thy feet falter by the way! the caravan will go on and forsake thee. Wo to thee if thou makest known the grief of thy heart; they will mock and laugh at thee, and scorn thee for thy weakness! Wo to thee if thou comest to want or need; no hand will be lifted to aid thee! There is sin, there is folly, there is monstrous guilt among the people; there is fraud, and envy, and slander; there is murder and blasphemy; there is destruction and corruption in earth!'

'How hast thou met all this?' exclaimed my mother.

'It has broken my heart.'

'Thou weak one!' and she turned away from me. Then she said to the young soul, my sister, 'Child, wilt thou dare go into such a world?'

'Mother, yes!' answered the untried one, suddenly and decidedly.

I looked upon her with wonder. I said: 'Thou dost not understand; thou canst not know. Treachery and coldness from those thou hast most trusted, misunderstanding, doubt — these are the least of the evils which will afflict thee. Child! I feel I cannot explain, nor can you comprehend, what slavery, and vice, and calumny, and poverty, and unjust scorn of thy fellows, and the torturing of conscience and self-mistrust mean! Every mortal has to learn. Make her not a mortal, my mother!'

'Cease: I had rather thou never camest into my presence than hear such words from thee. What hast thou *done* in the world? The doing much, the doing good, the constant labor, saves one from such thoughts as thou hast.'

'I *have* labored, and toiled, and borne the burden and the heat of the day, and have reaped in a harvest of nothingness. My work has

been done for naught; my hopes have proved themselves altogether vanity. Oh, I *have* toiled! Do not add to my cup of bitterness by doubting that assurance.'

'Now, how shall I give into thy hands the care of this dear soul? I would that thou hadst never come here, daughter. Yet it is as well. She will not now grow up in the world, cherishing fancies, and thoughts, and hopes, that must all in turn wither. She will live a fuller and a nobler life, because *prepared* for all that awaits. But you have taken from her the sweet blessing of youth; you have robbed her existence of all romance. Little one, dost thou *dare* go?'

'Oh, yes — a thousand times yes! What *is* that slavery, and that horrible wrong; that coldness, and treachery, and poverty? I will give myself to laboring, that it may be done away. I will fight against that sin! Sister, surely thou hast *so* labored?'

I looked upon her conscience-struck, awed, and half afraid, and I was forced to answer 'No!'

My reader, God save you the anguish of being compelled to answer in such a manner when that question shall be asked you. 'Go back, and rejoice then that there is time,' my mother said. 'When you come again, then will you be satisfied with your work, my child. I give to you a holy work. I make you an apostle. Speak out among your fellows, and with no whispered words, of that which you do know. Smile thou never on sin: if it stands before thee clothed in the purple, scorn it! Countenance thou never the works of oppression; believe thou in the eternity of truth, and in the immutability of God's justice. When the time cometh for thee to speak, fail thou not to rebuke vice in its million hideous forms. Behold, I give to thee another work! When this, thy sister, shall appear on earth, thou shalt know her. Lead her in the paths which she should tread; guide her; teach her the everlasting truths; establish her in the eternal hope. And, my children, be ye faithful over the few things given to your care; so ye shall come again in joy, bearing the precious sheaves with you.'

I HAVE heard a child's voice on this earth which I recognize. There is a soul tabernacle in the flesh, which *our* mother gave to my guidance, though others of this world claim her. The time is not yet come for the dispelling of the early joy. Sorrow has not yet pressed the little one to her heart. What do I say? That time was before she ever came into this world. I read it in the wondering look with which she turns away from every temptation, from the voices of sin, of dissension and wrath; in the trembling tones with which she reads of the sway of almost universal evil; in the pure love with which she clings to the human, exalting and ennobling all with whom she comes in contact. They who look upon her think to see the day when she will need that comfort which her words afford them now; but they will look in vain — that time can never come.

I foresee the day when she shall arise and declare what the weary and fainting mortals will rejoice to know. I see, in shadow, a form

that shall move a very angel through the harvest-field of our MASTER;
 I hear in echo a voice as of a voice heard in a dream — gentle tones
 and wise utterances, which shall be proved powerful to rebuke, and
 convince, and restore, and save; I have prophetic hearing of a song of
 joy and thanksgiving that shall float upward from the bondmen of sin,
 whose chains she shall loosen — a song that shall be borne through the
 far-distance to the blessed soul-land, to OUR MOTHER; and beyond the
 soul-land to HIM!

O mother! the weak and the weary, the tempted and the falling, shall
 learn of and shall bless thee for that little child!

S T A N Z A S : A D R E A M .

BY E. FLURIBUS ONUM, ESQ.

I DREAMED I stood upon a rock, that reared
 Its solitary peak from out an ocean
 Whose broad expanse no sunbeam ever cheered,
 But a dim twilight veiled its wild commotion;
 And 'gainst that rock the foaming surges broke,
 Which trembled to its base at every stroke.

And round about me was no living thing;
 No sea-bird flapped the gloom on weary pinion;
 Upon the watery waste no ship's white wing
 Could be discerned, to tell of man's dominion:
 But all did seem like Nature's primal sleep,
 When darkness veiled the void and formless deep.

All, save the chilly wind that fiercely blew,
 And a strange light that, from the billows streaming,
 Just served to make them visible, and threw
 Upon that lonely rock a fitful gleaming;
 But overhead primeval darkness hung,
 Through which not even a star its radiance flung.

And now, dear reader, p'r'aps you think I'm going
 To tell of things than these still more prodigious,
 Which in my dream I saw, and end by showing
 Their moral and their tendency religious;
 But dreams are mostly very transitory,
 And end right in the middle of the story.

And so it was with mine: for as I stood
 Gazing upon 'the hell of waters' round,
 Methought I slipped, and fell into the flood!
 Shrieking with horror I awoke, and found
 That I had in my sleep fallen out of bed,
 And very badly bumped my dreaming head!

A VOICE FROM GLEN-MARY.

BY W. H. C. ROSMER.

I.

SWEET LADY! when the glen I sought
That bears, and long will bear thy name,
Of thy sad history I thought,
Forgetful of a brighter fame;
The wild-bird singing in the tree,
Each rustling leaflet, spoke of thee.

II.

Thy cottage-home hath lost the light
That gladdened it in other hours;
Its vines are withered, and a blight
Hath fallen on thy once-loved flowers;
I crossed its threshold, and within
There was a gloom to-night akin.

III.

Cold was the hearth, and on the wall
Gray web-work had the spider hung,
And solemn as a knell, the fall
Of feet through each apartment rung:
The south-wind sighed through open doors,
Lifting the dust from unswept floors.

IV.

The features of yon view remain;
The waves flow on, the mountains rise:
Dawn wakes, and twilight brings again
Her gentle dews, and star-lit skies;
But here no more will voice of thine
Fill air with song at day's decline!

V.

Ah! nigh in soul perchance thou art,
Though far away thy grave is green,
For clung the tendrils of thy heart,
While living, to this lovely scene:
And slumbers here thy first-born child,
Within a tomb undrest and wild.

VI.

'Tis not unmeet that shade of one,
So young and fair, through lawns like these
Should wander, when the day is done,
And burden with its plaint the breeze;
Or visit at lone midnight's hour
GLEN-MARY's cot and wasted bower.

Living Pulpit Orators.

REV. J. ADDISON ALEXANDER, D. D.

EXEGETICAL.

IN some families intellectual greatness appears to be hereditary. It may be answered, that it is rare; true, it is indeed rare, but that does not invalidate the assertion, as instances may be produced both from ancient and modern history. In ancient history we read of the Fabii family at Rome, where the consulship remained during seven consecutive elections; and the profound Niebhur says, 'the Fabii were a *learned* family.' And although this might be owing to a certain popularity, yet it pre-supposes likewise an amount of talent and intellectual greatness.

Then again there is the Medicean family of Italy, the different members of which held high political stations, were patrons of the arts, restorers of ancient literature, and men of the greatest intellectual acquirements. In our own generation, we have the two Adams's, father and son, each of whom held the highest office in our government, and were noted for their varied acquirements and extensive knowledge in every department of literature, and are distinguished in the annals of our country. The mantle of genius and intellect cannot be transmitted and bequeathed from father to son, like that of kingly titles or wealth; and as it has just been asserted, it is unusual to find intellect and talent existing in more than one individual of a family. Other examples might be produced, but a few will answer the same purpose as a great number, and examples will readily suggest themselves to those who are familiar with history and biography. They may turn over their pages, and observe the names of those who have made an illustrious figure on the stage of life, who have been the heroes of their age, who have given their name to an epoch; whether he be the mighty conqueror of nations, chaining those to his chariot-wheels who attempt to withstand his power, or the reformer of religion and morals, whose name is greater than that of the conqueror, inasmuch as the former revolutionizes the human intellect, emancipates it from the yoke of slavery that it may have worn for ages, and exerts a moral influence that will endure when time itself shall be no more.

The names of Luther, of Bacon, or of Locke, naturally suggest themselves to our thoughts. Or we may turn to names, illustrious in the arts and sciences, such as Copernicus, Newton, or Leibnitz, Watt, Black, and Fulton, and what do we find? That they stand solitary and alone, with no child to inherit their genius or splendid talents. The same fact meets us in the department of poetry or polite literature; namely, that genius is *seldom* transmitted from father to son.

But this subject has been dwelt upon longer perhaps than is necessary, and our only apology is the pleasure produced by recalling and dwelling upon the great names of the earth, those who have dazzled us by the splendor of their genius and talent.

These few preliminary remarks will be found to have a connection with our subject, which is a few remarks upon the style of preaching of the Rev. J. Addison Alexander, who is a distinguished pulpit orator, and one of the Professors of the Theological College at Princeton, New-Jersey. As an explanation of the previous remarks on hereditary talent, it may be observed that the father and brother of this eminent divine are men of distinguished talent. Both the father and the two sons, Doctor James and Doctor Addison Alexander, are Professors of the College; Doctor James having been recently inaugurated as Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government. Doctor Archibald Alexander, the father, is not only known by his theological writings, but also others, and especially a work on *Liberia*, written with consummate ability. Doctor James Alexander is also highly appreciated as an author, and his works have a practical utility, which render them highly popular. They are universally allowed to be men of great intellectual attainments and distinguished talents.

But these remarks will principally refer to the Rev. J. Addison Alexander, well known as a pulpit orator. It will be understood that Doctor Alexander belongs to the school of Calvin and Geneva, yet his sermons do not contain allusions to doctrinal subjects, but illustrate those great principles of Christianity, wherein all christians may agree. He stands on the broad platform where all christians may meet. His sermons inculcate liberal and catholic feelings, and in theory and practice he appears to have adopted the beautiful language of the poet:

‘LET not this weak, unknowing hand,
Presume thy bolts to throw,
Or deal damnation round the land,
On all I judge thy foe;
If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O! teach my heart
To find the better way.’

But it must not be inferred from the above expressions that he is unsettled in his doctrines, or has no particular belief; on the contrary, he belongs to the most rigid and orthodox school of Presbyterians, and could defend his church against a host of assailants. Ah! could defend it as bravely as the early fathers of the church, as St. Jerome or St. Augustine. He is familiar with all the weapons of logic, and has been trained in a severe school of dialectics; and were he called upon to explain the doctrines of his church, no one would be more clear, more explicit, or more logically correct.

Doctor Alexander, then, generally avoids doctrinal subjects, imagining, and perhaps truly, that such topics are unsuited to a mixed congregation, composed of different denominations of christians, who all love their LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, and are travelling to the same heavenly country, but only by different routes. It may be that Doctor Alexander supposes the pulpit an unfit arena for such gladiatorial exhibitions.

The writer of this article has had an opportunity of judging of his style of preaching during a series of discourses delivered by him in Philadelphia during the winter of 1847, '48. His constant residence is in Princeton, where his duties are most arduous; yet such is his popularity, that his services are in constant requisition in other and neighboring cities.

Perhaps the distinguishing characteristic of his style is its simplicity and plainness, and its perfect adaptation to the meanest comprehension, its suitableness to the man of profound intellect as well as 'the cottager who weaves at her own door.' His language is chaste and beautiful, not elaborately ornamented with figures of every description, that often obscure the meaning and conceal penury of thought, but only gracefully decorated, like those beautiful works of art, among the ancients, who never overloaded their divine models, rightly understanding that simplicity alone is true beauty. Perhaps Doctor Alexander's sermons are best adapted to a highly intellectual, refined and well educated audience; such can better appreciate him. Doctor A. is sometimes profound in his discourses, and they contain matter, substance and food for thought. It has been frequently remarked that a number of professional gentlemen usually attend his preaching; that indeed his audience consists principally of gentlemen. Perhaps the fairer part of creation might not consider this a merit; but with all due deference to the fair sex, it is at least a proof of intellectual superiority, and that his sermons are redolent of masculine vigor. It is true that he deals very little in the sentimental, and his discourses are not often addressed to the feelings; yet when occasion requires, he can move the feelings powerfully and with the skill and dexterity of one who understands the human heart. But Doctor Alexander does not often appeal to this lever of the heart, knowing that emotions thus produced are unsettled and transitory in their nature, and prefers appealing to the judgment and reason, using pathos and passion as occasional aids, and requiring from them a subordinate part.

To judge from his sermons, Doctor Alexander does not believe that religion is of a pure individual nature, and that it consists in merely religious feeling, which is vague, uncertain and wandering at one time, addressing itself to the imagination, and at another to the sensibilities, and seeking through the wide world for a resting-place, and finding none. No; religion possesses a far higher and nobler aim, as its noblest mission is to give birth to associations, to religious government, to opinions, to creeds and dogmas; so that a man, by his belief and opinion may be drawn toward, and associated with other men. It is necessary that religious opinions should be propagated, and these associations are for that purpose.

It is not to be understood by this that temporal government has any right to interfere with the religious opinions of its subjects. The day has passed when a particular sect, who differed from the established church, might be seized, tortured and confined simply because they chose to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. But it is not our purpose to descant upon this topic, or to show how slowly yet surely man has arrived at this great truth, that the enjoyment of liberty

of conscience is his true, proper and normal condition ; that a government cannot tyrannize over the soul, and that the mind of man will maintain certain ideas and opinions independent of all human authority. Oceans of blood have been shed in defence of this opinion, and there has been more suffering on this account than any other. What war, destruction and desolation, religion has caused, and what little has been gained by an attempt to convert nations or individuals by physical force !

Sometimes Doctor Alexander is abstract and metaphysical, dealing in the profound, but such is only the case when he supposes he is addressing an intellectual audience. For it is an undoubted fact that a clergyman is influenced in his preaching by his audience, not only as regards the subject of his discourse, but in his style, manner and interest that he takes in it. Does he behold around him, earnest, anxious, intelligent faces, deeply impressed by every remark, sympathizing with him in every sentence, noting every word, admiring the beautiful, endeavoring to fathom the profound, evincing a lively interest, when he explains the historical or geographical parts of sacred history, and in fact entering with intense delight into every part of his discourse, how interested and animated he then becomes himself ! While a new impetus is given to his eloquence. He understands that it is necessary to call into action all the noblest powers of his mind ; he enters with new zeal into his subject, he explains it with increased delight, unravels its hidden meaning, and feels that he is indeed worthy to be the ambassador of heaven, the interpreter between God and man. In the joy of his soul he exclaims, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth glad tidings of great joy !'

And though when he leaves the pulpit years of experience may have taught him that all who listen with attention are not converted, and that to many his preaching is only as one who plays upon a beautiful instrument and discourses sweet music ; that others are dwelling upon his words, with the intention of criticising ; yet notwithstanding this, close attention sustains and vivifies him. 'O ! ye Epirots, ye are my wings !' exclaims a celebrated general of antiquity. Thus might an orator exclaim to his audience, 'Ye are my wings, by which I soar from earth and dwell among high and holy things of eternity ; by which I rise, even to the throne of the Most High, where angels veil their faces, and where millions of cherubim and seraphim wait to do his bidding ! Ye are my wings, by which I am enabled to leave earth and enter within the Holy of Holies, unshackled by the things of time and space !'

This eminent orator does not shun the labor of the study and library ; and who would shun its labor, if they wish to win for themselves a great and enduring name ? For what does Dante say ? that by toil and patient study the orator must win a reputation :

'For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, fame is won.'

Every minister of the gospel should spend a great portion of his time in study, and not in idle visiting, or in gossiping from family to

family, or in a course of light and trifling reading. By either of these methods he will be rendered unfit to fulfil his sacred calling. Will a clergyman be competent to accomplish his duties on the Sabbath-day, if through the week he has been idle and negligent, and enters the sacred desk utterly unprepared for his task? How can such a man be expected to edify his flock, or prepare them for heaven? or what kind of pastor and bishop of souls does he make? Every clergyman should be a student; their life should be one great study, every day making some new acquisition, every day enriching the mind and having that line of Dante ever before their minds:

‘Think that this day will never dawn again.’

The idea of a clergyman who neither reads, studies nor thinks deeply, is really monstrous, preposterous and an anomaly. The mind of the man who pursues such a course must deteriorate, and in time he will be no more fitted to be the pastor of a congregation than a poor day-laborer, who, blessed with equal talents, would, if he had an opportunity, devote his time to their improvement. A congregation do not care to have their pastor incessantly visiting them; they are apt to think his presence a restraint, and are rather pleased when the door is fairly shut upon him. Let us be understood. We do not mean to insinuate that a clergyman should not have his familiar friends or his moments of relaxation, or that he should not be assiduous in his visits to the sick and afflicted. We only deprecate indiscriminate gossip and visiting, which has no end in view but to idle and dissipate time; whereas a clergyman should be laboriously and diligently employed.

If we look into antiquity and compare the ministers of God, in ancient times, with those of the present, we will find a considerable difference as it regards the life of many of them. Perhaps a quotation from a well known author may not be amiss, as it regards the manner in which the holy men of old passed their time. Two bishops of the fifth century are described as follows:

‘Saint Hilary arose very early in the morning; he always dwelt in the town. From the time that he arose, any one who wished to see him was received. He heard complaints, adjusted differences, performed the office of a Justice of the Peace. He afterward repaired to the church, performed service, preached, taught sometimes many hours consecutively. Returned home, he took his repast, and while this lasted he heard some pious reading, or else he dictated, and the people entered freely and listened. He also performed manual labor, sometimes spinning for the poor, sometimes cultivating the fields of his church. Thus passed his day in the midst of the people, in grave, useful occupations of a public interest, which every hour had some result.

‘The life of Saint Loup was not exactly the same; his manners were more austere, his activity less varied. He lived severely; and the rigidity of his conduct, the assiduity of his prayers, were incessantly celebrated by his contemporaries. Thus he exercised more ascendancy by his general example than by his actions in detail. He struck the imagination of men to such a point, that, according to a tradition, the truth of which is of little importance as true or false; it equally shows con-

temporaneous opinion. Attila, in quitting Gaul, carried Saint Loup with him to the banks of the Rhine, supposing that so sainted a man would protect his army. Saint Loup was, beside, of a cultivated mind, and took an intense interest in intellectual development. He was solicitous in his diocese about schools and pious reading, and when it was necessary to go and contend against the doctrines of Pelagius in Britain, it was upon his eloquence, as well as that of Saint Germain d'Auxerre, that the council of Four Hundred and Twenty-Nine confided for success.'

We have an example in this quotation of the manner in which two celebrated clergymen passed their time; that is, in active, useful employment; not in enervation or pleasing literary discussions, or amid sweet music, or delightful books, or agreeable conversation, or in gaining credit as amateurs or dilettanti in the arts. It is not indeed expected that the clergymen of these days should pass their time exactly in the manner of Saint Hilary; that, for instance, he should perform the office of a justice of the peace.

The temporal and spiritual authority are now so entirely separated, and the candidates for both offices are so numerous, that it is not necessary to have recourse to a clergyman to fulfil the functions of a magistrate; neither is it necessary that he should perform manual labor, or work in the fields, or spin. In this very refined and intellectual age such employments would be considered rather derogatory to his sacred calling; unless, indeed, he be located in the far settlements of the West, in the uncleared forests of the great valley of the Mississippi, or on the borders of the Pacific; as now, when we speak of the West, imagination wanders to those far off regions; there, indeed, a hard-working, tough-sinewed, industrious clergyman might be more useful than an ultra-refined, or a very intellectual one.

Saint Hilary lived at the commencement of the fifth century; at the time when the great Roman empire was falling to decay, and when civil society was in a similar state; when life, energy, activity, had departed from the civil government, and vigor only remained in the religious hierarchy. The words of an eminent historian may be quoted on this subject, who, in comparing the civil and religious society of this period, and the reasons that civil offices were in the hands of the clergy, thus states the fact: 'In the civil society there is no people or government; the imperial administration is fallen; the senatorial aristocracy is fallen; every where there is dissolution; power and liberty are struck by the same sterility, the same nullity. In religious society, on the contrary, a very animated people and a very active government show themselves. Every where the germs of a very energetic, popular activity, and a very strong government, develop themselves.'

But in thus taking a retrospective glance at the lives of the fathers of the church, and the early ages of christianity, we have wandered from our original theme, and trust that our readers will not suppose we have entirely lost sight of Doctor Alexander, or that we do not think many of the divines of the present day are equal in learning and industry to those of past ages. Doctor Alexander's manner in the pulpit is calm, dignified, and unostentatious, in accordance with the subject of his discourse. It would certainly not be in good taste to see

him 'playing fantastic tricks before high heaven,' or striving to gain attention by vehement gesticulations, or noisy declamation. Some clergymen appear to think they may arouse the impenitent, bring the wanderers to the fold of CHRIST, and convert souls by a series of concussions; such as thumping the Bible, right heartily pounding on the pulpit, and throwing the body into various contortions.

Doctor Alexander does not belong to this class of preachers. His manner, style, and character, might be depicted in these well-known and often-quoted lines of Cowper :

'THERE stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies. His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear;
In doctrine uncorrupt, in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture, much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men;
He 'stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And armed himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own, and trains by every rule
Of holy discipline to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect'

Doctor Alexander never selects as the subjects of his discourse the exciting topics of the day. It is best thus. It is an age of excitement, this in which we live, the nineteenth century. We are kept in a continual ferment, and one strange event has scarcely past before another occurs. Thus the heart is continually beating with emotion. Only look at the last four years; has a month, or even a few weeks passed without the occurrence of some stirring event, calculated to interest and deeply move the heart of every reflecting being? Some of these events concerned us as Americans; such as the Mexican war. Then we all remember how our hearts throbbed as the telegraph or post brought us news of our valiant army; sometimes of its hazardous situation, surrounded in an unfavorable position by an assailing enemy, who, proud in their superiority of numbers, had doomed them to destruction. Then how anxious we were! The true patriotism of a republic revealed itself, and the haunts and thoroughfares of business were crowded to receive the first intelligence. Then news came of a brilliant victory gained, and the hosts of the enemy routed. Behold emotion of another kind! that of joy and patriotic pride, mingled, in pious hearts, with gratitude to the author of all good. Then came peace, and with it the cession of California. We all understand the emotions connected with the word *California*; is it not with gold-dust, or gold? And did not the discovery cause far more excitement than the brilliant victories of General Taylor? Did it not spread through the whole length and breadth of the land, exciting in millions of hearts the unholy feeling of avarice?

Then again during the past year our feelings have been excited by the troubled and convulsed condition of Europe, and the political troubles distracting that portion of the globe find an echo in our hearts. The

gallant struggle of the Hungarians caused emotions that will not easily be forgotten. And even after the struggle had ceased, and Hungary lay exhausted and bleeding at the feet of the Russian despot, a deep sympathy was felt for those patriotic Magyars who fled from their country in despair, when no longer able to benefit her; and when their extradition was demanded by the Emperor Nicholas, the cruelty of the act was commented on, and every heart felt an interest in their fate.

Thus our every-day life is full of intense emotion. The soul needs some repose after these worldly feelings; hence it is as well not to introduce topics of this kind into the pulpit; and, as it was observed before, Doctor Alexander does not often refer to them. It is not to be understood that he would not preach on a subject of this nature if requested, or that he might not occasionally refer to a public event, as a means of religious instruction, or that he would not make an allusion to the life and merits of a distinguished servant of CHRIST. The assertion must not be understood thus literally. Doctor Alexander considers that the sublime and holy topics of religion are all-sufficient to fill and satisfy the soul of man; that the glorious themes of revelation should occupy his whole being, and completely satisfy the aspirations of his heart. And surely they are sufficient!

Although Doctor Alexander has been constantly occupied with the arduous duties of his professorship and constant preaching, yet he has found time to write for the press, and his writings bear the stamp of his great mind. But there need scarcely be made an allusion to this subject, as Doctor Alexander's recently-published work on the Psalms is well known in the literary world. It is a splendid exegetical work, and places its author at once in the highest rank in this department of literature. Such a work could only be written by a man like Doctor Alexander, as it demands not only a profound knowledge of biblical and classical literature, but a thorough acquaintance with the ancient languages, particularly those belonging to the great Semitic family; such as the Chaldee, the Syriac, and those dialects peculiar to the nations east of the Euphrates; for we believe it is Heeren, the great German historian, who has made this river the boundary line of the languages spoken by the inhabitants of Eastern and Western Asia.

We will now conclude our notice of this justly celebrated divine. We do not wish to invade the sacred privacy of domestic life, and therefore would only observe that his manners are those of a perfect gentleman; a union of dignity and urbanity, cheerful without levity, and never joining in light or silly conversation. This portrait is sketched by the hand of a friend, who has frequently heard him preach, and who judges with impartiality. His friends and admirers will observe the likeness, but perhaps may not think the language sufficiently eulogistic, as all who are really pleased become more and more ardent in their admiration; and we may imagine them exclaiming, in the words of the immortal bard:

*'At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.'*

A V I S I O N O F T H E F U T U R E .

I RESTED on a woody lawn ;
My head reclined against a tree,
Whose leaves were rustling over me,
Stirred by the breezes of the morn.

I hearkened to the whispering breeze,
Till louder, stronger grew its song,
And like a stream it poured along
The tops of the surrounding trees.

It said that : ' In the years to be
Earth will with perfect art be crowned,
And all the starry region round
Be shorn of half its mystery.

' The telescope will conquer space,
And the deep secrets of the skies
Shall be revealed unto our eyes,
While wonder flushes every face.

' The electric fluid, like a beam
Of subtle light, shall pierce the sea,
And Indies and the poles shall be
United by the mystic stream.

' KNOWLEDGE and WISDOM, brothers twin,
Shall walk the rounds of all the earth,
And hidden springs of thought, where dearth
Dried up the mind, be ope'd within.

' And from the heart of man a stream
Of love shall rise and whelm the soul,
Till all the world from pole to pole
With one great brotherhood shall teem.

' FAMINE and PESTILENCE no more
Avenging visitants shall come ;
No more a million mouths be dumb,
A million warriors felled in war.

' The plough-share and the pruning-hook
Shall be re-cast from gun and sword ;
And man shall know no other LORD
But HIM who gave the Holy Book.

' And children then will start to think
How man, with fierce and wicked will,
Could rise his brother man to kill,
And send him tottering o'er the brink.

' Earth with full harvests shall rejoice,
And her tall forest-sons shall raise
Their ' green-robed ' arms to heaven, and praise
Ascend in one harmonious voice.

'The lark shall sing from morn to eve,
Complaining that the hours are few
To tell its love; and sweetly through
The night, the nightingale shall weave

'Melodious songs, that charm the ear,
Dying and fainting like a dream
Over forest, field and stream,
While listening still we think we hear.'

I woke! the winds had ceased to sing,
The world was not the world I dreamed;
Yet in my waking mood it seemed
I had not dreamed an idle thing:

And that, some future day, the soul
Of man shall brighten with the dawn
Of love and wisdom, and the morn
Beam out on one harmonious whole.

C. E. HAVENS.

F A I R I E S .

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE best days of the fairies seem to have passed away forever. They have enjoyed their golden age; an age of moon-light, revelry and song, and are now almost forgotten. We see strange circles in the meadows, like those our simple ancestors called 'fairy rings,' but in our wisdom attribute them to something very different, indeed, from blithe, dancing fairies, and laugh at the boor who will not believe that they are formed by electricity. We never meet with a merry troupe of elfin dancers in our moon-light walks, nor happen upon any of those beautiful fairy bowers, of which we have read so many gorgeous descriptions. The proscribed fairy race is almost extinct, nor can its few survivors have much hope in the future. A generation brought up to count the phases of the planets, and to reason on denominational differences in religion, instead of telling and hearing fairy-tales, will not be very tolerant with such little things as fairies. Although the belief in this peculiar class of spirits, seemingly so harmless in itself and free from the ill effects of most other superstitions, would seem the least likely to be speedily overthrown by advancing civilization, it has been crushed and trampled under her feet.

The few who still believe in these 'tricksome' agents of good and evil, and do not confound them all with the enemies of man's soul, are only a remnant of their once great crowd of followers; and even they are passing away. The land in which Oberon and Titania once lived and reigned has long since forsaken its allegiance to their race, and can hardly endure their presence upon its soil. And the sprightly fays

of Germany owe it to the mystery of their unapproachable hiding-places in the forests, that they were not long ago banished from the land. We crush many beautiful things under foot while advancing in knowledge and power; as one heedlessly treads upon the half-hidden flowers of the field. Yet there are a few countries, in parts of which these spirits play their pranks almost as merrily as in the days of 'sweet Puck,' and favor the good people, whom they love, in as right good earnest as ever. Few, indeed, are these blessed places. It is a matter of sad history to us, that our own country has never been the abode of fairies. It is perhaps rather owing to the peculiar character of the first settlers of America, than to any unfitness of the country itself, that neither elves nor fairies crossed the sea with them, to fix their abodes here. Had the pilgrims to this western land been so well disposed towards this tiny race as were their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, the fairies would have crossed the ocean with them, and peopled our noble mountains and beautiful valleys with their lively forms. It is recorded of the Pucks, who were inhabitants of Friesland and progenitors of 'Robin Goodfellow' of England, that the emigrants from the north could not even get rid of them when they sailed for England, but were accompanied by them as settlers in that country. Would that a legion of merry Pucks had stuck as close to our ancestors when they sailed from England!

The character of a genuine fairy of old is made up of a greater variety of qualities than could be noticed within the limits of a single paper. I will notice only a few of the most prominent. I shall confine myself almost wholly to the sprites of Germany and Britain, properly called 'fays,' or 'fairies,' who claimed to be descendants of the Druids, and preserved a certain sacredness of character not found perhaps in any of the other classes of subordinate spirits. In parts of Britain they went by the names of 'good neighbors' and 'good people;' while in Germany they had others equally propitiatory. They may be called household spirits, like the 'brownies' of Scotland, to distinguish them from those fearful spirits who were wont to steal young children from their parents, and who loved to injure travellers in the night. Every one who is familiar with those beautiful legends which are the history of the fairy race, must have noticed the unfailing love of these fairies for good people, and the untiring zeal with which they harass evil-doers. This love of good and hatred of evil is quite characteristic of them. In olden days, (certainly the better days of the fairies,) the honest peasant of Germany was often surprised at his wonderful success in life, till he counted the fairy-circles near his cottage, and perceived how numerous his tiny friends were. Nor did he forget to secure their future aid by blessing them for that already past. The good housewife of England was often sorely puzzled to tell why her butter 'came' so hard and yellow, while that of her neighbor, who, as many believed, had not so much goodness in her as she seemed to have, if it came at all, was soft and white. But at last it would come out that the fairies helped along the good dame's cream, while they were mischievously disposed toward that of her neighbor. And so in a thousand strange ways they showed their preference of good.

They were excessively fond of young maidens, and made it their delight to assist and protect them. Some of the most touching ballads and legends of antiquity are founded on this, the fairies' love for innocence and purity, the most attractive and worthy trait in their whole character. Whenever one of their fair charges was sporting through the fields, a hundred nimble fingers were busy before her, disentangling the long grass, that she might not trip and fall; and if she broke forth in girlish song, an unseen chorus of merry voices attended her. When she went to gather flowers from the hill-side, the fairies were sure to be there before her, raising the drooping lilies and violets, and brushing the dust from them with their light wings. They presided at the maiden's birth, watched over and blessed her childhood, and when she died, they wept and sang dirges for her with heartfelt sorrow. That these spirits were sometimes mischievous is well known to the readers of their legends. They were often brim-full of mischief. Many a poor wight who has been misled

‘O’er hills and sinking bogs, and pathless downs,’

can bear witness to that. They rarely did harm in their mischief, for they took more pleasure in teasing people by their freaks than in hurting them.

How often some solitary traveller on the wide moor has quickened his musing walk into a lively run, on hearing a shrill whistle close behind him, and has ran faster and faster, as he got a hearty pinch at every step, until the loud laughter around him betrayed his merry tormentors! Such sport is indeed perplexing to the subjects of it, but is undoubtedly meant by these kind guardians of man's welfare to teach, in a practical way, the virtue of patience. In Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, some of the good and all of the mischievous propensities of the fairy race combine, and form a rare compound indeed. Puck is the likeness of his race, at least in its mischievous features, drawn by the hand of the master-poet of England. Puck's description of his own character in that inimitable passage commencing :

— ‘Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night;’

is too familiar for repetition here. In that short passage he reveals his whole character, and sets forth the quality of mischievousness as possessed, though in a less degree, by his whole race. Their freaks of merry mischief served to give their good deeds all the more relish. For all their pranks, this quality of their character is in perfect keeping with their love of goodness. It seems to be a wise provision by which they insured the full appreciation of their kindnesses; knowing that all sunshine and no clouds is tiresome, as Tennyson says :

‘PR’THEE weep, MAY LILIAN;
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, MAY LILIAN.’

The last of the fairies' most prominent traits of character, which I shall here notice, is their well-known love of music and dancing. They

were all musicians. Music was part of their very life. Every moon-light night they left their bowers to dance upon the green sward, and to fill the air with their strange music. With hearts as free from care as singing-birds, they sported the night long to their own sweet notes. The sound of their moon-light revelry was often heard in the cottage, and as often filled the hearts of its inmates with gladness :

‘THEIR oaten pipes blew wondrous shrill,
The hemlock small blew clear ;
And louder notes from hemlock large,
And bog-reed, struck the ear ;
They sing, inspired with love and joy,
Like sky-larks in the air.’—*TAMERLANE*.

Perchance some midnight traveller, whose weary feet dragged along heavily, has sat down by the way-side almost faint-hearted. As he sits and vexes his patience with thoughts of the long miles still before him, his ear catches the sound of the fairies’ voices. Peals of merry laughter come sounding through the air, and close upon them come floating strains of unearthly music. He, who but now was almost despairing, gets up and goes lightly on his way to the melody of their merriment, his heart growing lighter at every step. Could we know, as they knew, how many hearts our cheerfulness may lighten and inspire, we should be more like them in this trait of character. Time never hung heavily on the hands of the fairies, for they well knew that,

‘Lightlier move the minutes fledged with music ;’

and that it is only self-punishment to be gloomy. Thus were the olden fairies good, cheerful and happy. But the happy beings have gone somewhere beyond this wise and busy world, perhaps to a more congenial planet than ours. Alas ! that so much of our own bright moon-light should now pass away unimproved by their happy meetings !

Whither has the queen, ‘no bigger than an agate-stone,’ gone, that she rides no more upon the silvery moon-beams ? Where now are royal Oberon, queenly Titania, and ‘sweet Puck,’ ‘that merry wanderer of the night ?’ Have they fled forever from the chilly presence of mankind ? Then, let us at least preserve the wondrous stories of their lives, as a sacred memento of their past worth and beauty. Gladly would we have a host of fairies answer by their presence the call of the poetess of their once favored land :

‘ROUND the forest fountain,
On the river shore,
Let your silvery laughter
Echo yet once more ;
While the joyous boundings
Of your dewy feet
Ring to that old chorus,
‘The daisy is so sweet.’

OBERON ! TITANIA !
Did your woodland mirth,
With the song of Avon,
Quit this work-day earth ?
Yet while green leaves listen,
And while bright stars burn,
By that magic memory,
Oh, return ! return !

W. S. S.

Bowdoin College, Sept. 28, 1850.

EVENING SHADOWS.

O, I love the evening shadows,
Faint and dim at close of day,
When the struggling moonbeams flicker
On the wall in ceaseless play.

Coming, going, still they vary ;
How the trailing rose-vine leaves
Show amid the silver net-work,
Which the trembling moon-light weaves.

On the wall in gleaming shadows,
Resting for a moment's space,
Fading 'mid the gathering darkness,
Leaving not a single trace.

O, I love the evening shadows !
Shall I tell you *when* I love them ?
When the flowers are stark and lifeless,
With a wintry sky above them :

And the dirge of dying summer
Long has faded on the breeze,
While a voice of chilling sadness
Sighs amid the swaying trees :

While the snow in flakes is drifting,
Covering all with robe of white,
And the misty moonbeams flicker,
Fade amid the darkening night.

Leaning by some quiet window,
Peering out upon the gloom,
Gaze I till a voice beloved
Calls me to the inner room :

Where, on sofa half-reclining,
Scarcely ill, and yet not well,
There is one who calls my dreamings
Follies that I may not tell.

But e'en with these gentle chidings
Comes the old accustomed smile ;
And an arm so gently stealing
Holds me prisoner for the while.

Firmly out against the twilight
Stands the outline of his face,
And the noble, lofty features
That I love so well to trace :

Eyes so dark, and deep, and earnest,
In their gaze there seems a spell ;
And a brow whose lofty moulding
Of an inward fire doth tell.

Lingering ever by thy side,
Smoothing still thy brow of pain,
Love could ask no higher pleasure
Than a heart like thine to gain.

Eighteen summers with their pleasures
O'er my head have lightly flown,
While thy years of deeper wisdom
Twenty more perchance have known.

What if through those raven locks
Here a silver thread will twine?
Willingly I'd render up
My young life to purchase thine!

I have fondly wrapt around thee
Mantle of the bright ideal,
And its folds I would not loosen;
This must be the only real.

Should I see my idol shattered,
Lying prostrate at my feet —
Gone those bright and glorious fancies,
Fair as summer flowers, and fleet:

I would seek some quiet corner,
Far from every questioning eye,
And in calm despair I'd lay me
Broken-hearted down to die.

But these dreamings, still more foolish,
Dear one! I'll not tell to thee;
I should dread to meet those eyes
In their calm severity.

All of noble, good and gifted
I have found and loved in thee;
Every day brings fresh excuses
For my wild idolatry.

Dear old house! how well I love thee!
Here a golden dream is mine;
For *his* presence, like a halo,
Over all things seems to shine.

What if all the world beyond us
Seems but as an idle tale,
That from memory quickly passeth,
As shrink flowers before the gale?

O, I love the evening shadows,
Faint and dim at close of day,
When the struggling moonbeams flicker
On the wall in ceaseless play.

Side by side we both sit dreaming,
Pleasant fancies have we two;
I am not the *only* dreamer:
Dearest, is my picture true?

ELLA RODMAN.

FIRE-SIDE REMINISCENCES.

BY BACHELOR BEAUCLERC.

No one can have a greater regard for woman than myself; yet partly through inclination, partly through accident, my fireside has never been brightened by the presence of man's dearest earthly solace; hence I have been styled Bachelor Beauclerc by my old college chums, all of whom have presented the state with blooming families. I like the cognomen, and have adopted it when haranguing the world, for I find it easier to talk with the world en masse, than individually.

When I call on my acquaintance, my visits are like angels', 'few and far between,' but like them only in that respect. The children are generally too noisy to allow me to slip in a word, and their parents so foolishly fond, that I dare not enter their presence, for fear of hearing the never-ending tale of their wonderful precocity, or of being introduced to De Staels and Ciceros in miniature, of all miniatures the most unlike and caricatured. Then, too, one-half of the wives, from being the adored of one man, believe themselves qualified to be the adored of mankind in general, and thrust themselves forward upon those who do not gaze at their imperfections through the beautifying veil of conjugal love. These causes attach me to my ingleside. Here I sit and meditate, while the portrait of my sainted mother looks sweetly down on her only child. The small musical clock on the centre of the mantel-piece chimes away the hours melodiously, and the caryatides at each end of the marble slab support their graceful burden of fruits and flowers with a placid smile of content. The light of the bituminous coal plays on the chaste paper-hangings, whose bouquets of exquisitely-painted flowers are here and there concealed by a few mellow paintings bought in Italy during a winter's sojourn there. The recesses each side of the mantel are filled with book-cases. On one is perched a large bronze eagle in honor of Percival; on the other, a stuffed-pigeon that may have been in a 'belfry.'

The light is reflected from a mahogany couch, standing beyond the open door of a smaller room, in which I nap it. The windows of the sanctum are muffled by thick curtains that shade (not mirrors, I detest them) but a huge vase brought from Pompeii, and supported by an antique table laden with tokens of virtue collected in my travels. The fine chair in which I nestle was presented by my mother a short time before her decease, and was covered by her own hands. It is the dearest of my earthly treasures. A screen worked in a convent by a maiden aunt fills one corner; the other is occupied by a cabinet of shells. If I am not comfortable in these pleasant quarters, it is owing to a diseased mind that will not be comfortable any where. But I am happy. I take my meals at a pleasant café when I wish, or have them sent if I prefer. No tattling hostess tyrannizes over or slanders me. More

reputations are ruined by boarding than in any other way. Let a being be perfection itself, the faults lacking are easily supplied by fertile invention. I long ago resolved to judge for myself, and have never repented the resolution. When envy and jealousy are banished the world, I will unstop my ears, and believe all I hear. Thus independent and contented, I devote my evenings to meditation on paper, orally or in profound silence. Oft-times a throng of memories will arise, some sad, others brilliant and meteor-like.

In my profession many incidents naturally occur, and in my travels I have been an actor in certain adventures, the reading of which may entertain for an idle hour some who have had a less stirring life. Partly from selfishness, then, and with some true willingness to make others happy if I can, I commit these memories to paper, and waft them into the crowded mart of literature. The reminiscence that now occupies my thoughts I shall call, if you please,

AN EPISODE OF TRAVEL.

AMONG our fellow-passengers in the miserable steamer plying between London and Boulogne was a group of persons who attracted my attention, from the fact of their speaking my language fluently, although evidently not English. Their vivacity was not at all French, yet unlike our shy affability. The youngest of the group, which consisted of four persons, was a young lady not over nineteen, whom they called Anna. She was slender to fragility. Her pale, clear complexion contrasted strikingly with the dark hair that shaded, and still darker eyes that illuminated her expressive countenance. She was neither beautiful nor sickly-looking. Interesting she was, beyond any being I had ever seen. She had far more repose than the others, whose fine animal spirits surmounted all the *désagréments* of our position.

A young lady, a few years her senior, had a bloom that defied the assaults of the most unstable of elements. Her features, eyes and hair betrayed the sister of Anna, but air, manners and expression were utterly unlike that interesting being. The other female was a fine-looking matron, whose love for her husband had evidently not waned with her youth and beauty. He seemed to enjoy the circle of which he was the protector, and received their sallies of wit and sense with delight. I gradually neared them, and apparently absorbed in reflections of my own, caught much of their converse, which was not sotto-voce. I was not long in ascertaining their birth-place, for they were speaking of their own dear home in Canada. This rivetted my attention; for a deceased friend of mine had been a native of that place, and often during our intimacy at college had he expatiated on the loveliness of his country-women, whose manners, he said, were a bewitching blending of French sprightliness with English dignity. I now longed to speak to the strangers, but this seemed impossible. I roused myself, however, and by my manner endeavored to betray the interest I felt. The gentleman perceived it. With some hesitation, he asked how soon we should reach the opposite shore. I replied with great affability, and to my own surprise, continued the dialogue, own-

ing that I had overheard that they were Canadians. I spoke of my friend. They knew him, and were intimate with many of his relatives, who frequently spoke of him, and mourned his early death. This was a sufficient introduction for me, and I was regarded as a friend immediately. When I mentioned Granville's name, my eyes were fixed on Anna's face, for she seemed to me a justification for his extravagant praises of the fair Canadians. I was startled at the deathly pallor of her countenance as I spoke his name, and the truth flashed on my mind as I noticed the anxious glance of her sister. In his eulogy of his country-women, Granville was thinking of but one.

The rest of our voyage was shortened perceptibly by the delightful conversation that ensued. When we parted at the wharf it was with the promise of meeting again at Amiens, and with a determination on my part to visit the country they loved so well.

At Boulogne, I hired the services of François Loohé, a Belgian courier, whose best recommendation was an open countenance and winning manner.

François informed me immediately after his installation as courier, that it was the fashion neither to stint nor stay a minute in the city without visiting the cathedral. I resolved to be odd, and postponed my visit until the next morning. Before breakfast, therefore, we sallied out. I was sincerely pleased with the venerable building; the kneeling forms around, silently absorbed in worship, moved my heart with sympathy and respect. At some distance from me one figure rivetted my attention. Could it be? Yes, it was certainly, Anna. I approached softly, requesting François to remain where he was. From behind one of the vast columns I looked upon the young devotee. She was kneeling before St. Genevieve. Upon the altar beneath the picture was a fresh chaplet of blossoms and a wreath of autumn leaves, preserved in all their brilliancy, and brought from her free forest-land as an offering of gratitude for her safe flight over the uncertain sea. Beautiful superstition!

She arose without perceiving me. As she walked away, a paper fell from her missal. I stooped for it, and as it unrolled, perceived it to be some verses, in a feminine hand. I followed her to the principal altar, where she rejoined her friends, who were admiring the fine picture above it. Our meeting was a joyous one, and it was decided that we should enter Paris in company. I told Anna of the waif I had found, and should claim. A deep blush convinced me that she was the author of the verses. After some opposition she yielded the point, and I read the artless effusion. Often do I read these gentle lines:

SAINT GENEVIEVE.

ONCE more upon her sacred shrine
A garland of fresh flowers I leave,
And gazing on her face divine,
Breathe vesper hymns to GENEVIEVE.

Blessed GENEVIEVE! whose upturned eye
Reveals the heaven mirrored there!
When cares disturb, to her I fly,
And lay my bleeding bosom bare.

The first fresh blossoms of the spring,
The twigs of trees that earliest leave,
With loving heart I humbly bring
To deck the shrine of GENEVIEVE.

Oh, chide me not with learned guile,
Nor o'er 'the idol' sternly grieve;
I worship Heaven's mirrored smile,
When bent before St. GENEVIEVE.

Like waters fresh'ning as they flow
Are thoughts which we of her receive;
As sunbeams on the melting snow,
So falls the smile of GENEVIEVE.

Cold hearts before it silent melt,
And bless its glow while yet they grieve;
No passion has the bosom felt,
That did not tempt St. GENEVIEVE.

Oh! mortal born, but heaven-nursed,
The triumph thou didst here achieve
Shall nerve the soul with sin accursed,
As low it bends to GENEVIEVE.

Eternal ONE! great POWER above,
Whom words can change not, nor deceive,
Oh! may we feel for thee such love
As filled the heart of GENEVIEVE!

However much my Protestant prejudices disapproved of these verses, I was touched by their sincere piety. They reminded me also of Granville, whose devotional tendencies had often won my admiration by their lofty purity. It was evident to me that I was an object of tender interest to Anna. I readily understood it, and she was to me invested with a more exalted loveliness.

We arrived in Paris soon after our meeting at Amiens. The route was new to us all, and elicited merry and sanguine remarks. Anna was quieter than usual, and I noticed the peculiar brilliancy of her eyes. Her cheeks had a feverish flush. Her companions regarded her with evident anxiety.

As I stood at the last post-house door, awaiting a change of horses and gazing with my new friend at a far-off glimpse of Paris, he sighed deeply and said: 'You are, I suppose, aware that Granville W—— died in yonder city?'

'I am. It has long been a wish of mine to visit his grave at P  re la Chaise; a wish soon to be realized——'

He touched my arm warningly just as Anna joined us, and pointed to the city. 'Paris?'

'Yes, sister.'

She stood like Niobe there; no longer the joyous-looking girl, but a marble statue of grief. It was but a moment. With a sigh she said: 'My pilgrimage is nearly ended, then!'

The carriage came up. We were soon seated and whirled away, while Anna leaned back in one corner, profoundly silent, with her face concealed by her veil.

The day after our arrival, as we were walking on the Champs Elysees, Anna pointed to a white speck in the distance, on a high ridge of land beyond the city.

‘That is the chapel of P  re la Chaise, Mademoiselle,’ said Fran  ois, respectfully.

Anna sighed, and sadness rested on the countenances of all.

‘We will visit it soon,’ said her brother.

‘I shall rest there, ere long!’ said Anna. As she spoke a bright flush passed into her cheek.

I looked at her brother wonderingly. He met my gaze. Placing his arm in mine, he led me away, as though to point out something in the distance.

‘Are you aware of Anna’s situation?’ he asked, in a low tone. ‘Her lungs were tested this morning. There is no hope! I induced her to postpone a visit to the cemetery until to-morrow; she could not bear it before. I would have avoided this spot had I known of this view of the chapel. In fact, my friend, she was betrothed to Granville; and feeling her death certain, although we did not, begged to be brought here to die. We came to save her life; she, to mingle her ashes with his!’

I could not speak.

‘You feel—as for us——’ He could say no more.

We all returned silently homeward. I observed that Anna was paler than usual. To my inquiries she replied that she was fatigued. She retired to her room to rest. Two hours afterward I was summoned to her presence. She was lying on the parlor sofa, her friends beside her. She was still paler than before. As I approached, she smiled sweetly. A vase of salt was near her, and her handkerchief was stained with blood. She was dying! Gently she sank to rest; and my first visit to the renowned cemetery was as one of the mourners of the young Canadian.

The principal object of their visit to Europe being defeated, they were anxious to return. After a few excursions of my planning, they bade farewell to Anna’s grave, and embarked at Havre for New-York. I promised to meet them again at Montreal; but how easily prostrated are all human calculations! They never touched their native strand. The fate of the vessel was and ever will be enshrouded in mystery. Of that joyous group on board the steamer none survive. In four months they were swept into oblivion. Years have rolled away, but those kind beings are as dear as ever to my memory; and Anna, the young, the lovely Anna, one of the dearest of my recollections.

AFTER my last interview with Anna’s relatives, I was for many days overwhelmed with inert melancholy. To add to my sadness, the dark damp weather prevented a retreat from the uninviting sea-port, and the belt of masts encircling the quays recalled the winged ones now scudding westward with their precious freight. The third day of my stay at Havre, as I sat by my window reading a French edition of Cooper’s ‘Last of the Mohicans,’ to an accompaniment of rattling sashes, played upon by the fists of a rude north-easter, a cry of distress, piercing and agonized, and coming apparently from the next room, sent a chill, fore-

boding of I knew not what, through my heart. The book fell from my hand, and trembling excessively, I made my way to the door. A waiter was hurrying past, but stopped to inform me that the lady in the next room had a singular fit. 'She was,' he said, 'wife to the captain with whom my friends had embarked.' This was all I could gather from the garçon; but just as he left, a lady stepped from the next room in great agitation. She motioned me toward her, and led me into the room. Three or four ladies were endeavoring to hold the unfortunate wife in a large chair. Her dark hair fell in glossy masses to her feet. Her eyes were fixed wildly on the sea, which was tossing before the open window. One hand tightly grasped the landlady's robe, the other was pressed to her heart. Her face was as rigid as marble, and as colorless.

'Let me go!' she cried; 'I can save them. See! see! oh, why cannot you see! Hist! how the water gurgles, gurgles through the port-holes! 'T is he, 't is he! — Harry, Harry!' — here she shrieked fearfully, and struggled to free herself. 'He is sinking — I *must* save him! Let me go!' I aided the others in holding her, for they were quite exhausted. She turned her eyes, for the first time, from the water, as I grasped her form. She gazed into my face a moment. 'All gone!' she murmured faintly, shaking her head as she spoke; 'the mast parted; she sunk! all swept down! Her hair looked like the sea-weed! Harry, my Harry! will no one save you? See! see! how the plank tosses!' She shook fearfully: I expected every moment to see her die with mental agony. For several minutes she trembled in this manner, without speaking, and her eyes fixed on the heaving sea. At length, with a sigh, she closed her eyes, and sank into a deep swoon, as she softly whispered: 'Gone, all gone!'

The ladies retired to rest, leaving the patient with the doctor and myself. The former had just arrived. She laid motionless for two hours, then the color gradually came to lip and cheek, and a deep sigh heralded her returning consciousness. She opened her eyes, pressed her hand to her forehead, and said: 'Such a dream — awful!' She endeavored to rise, but in vain. The physician desired her to keep quiet, for she had fainted, and any exertion would make her dream again. As her strength returned, her frenzy became again apparent. On the second day of her illness, after the physician had reduced her by bleeding, she motioned me to her side. The tears fell fast on her pillow, and with broken accents she said: 'Was it a dream?'

I shuddered: since her first frenzy a dread fear had haunted me. I had been, and was then, as now, a believer in spiritual foresight and prophetic admonitions. 'A dream?' I inquired; 'what was a dream? Of what are you thinking?'

'Oh, that terrific sight! — Harry and all sinking, sinking!'

'Yes, dear creature, that was a sort of dream certainly.'

'Have you heard? Are they safe? Is all well?'

'I have heard nothing to the contrary.'

'You will — you will!' she hid her face in the pillow. I could hear her praying softly for resignation. The landlady entered. She was deathly pale.

'The 'Oberon' has arrived,' she whispered. 'They passed a ——'

'No more,' I cried, overcome with horror. 'She saw it!' I pointed to the invalid.

'Yes!' gasped the terror-stricken woman; 'all lost!' She hurried to the window. The invalid raised herself half out of bed. She had caught one word.

'Lost! you know it now; you would not let me save him!' She fell back on her pillow, struggled for a moment, then life passed away with her prophetic spirit.

To this day the image of Anna's sister often rises to memory, as described by the poor wife. 'Her long hair looking like the sea-weed.' The 'Oberon' picked up one body, which proved to be the Captain. He was lashed to a plank, and no doubt could have been saved had the 'Oberon' arrived a few hours sooner to the site of the wreck. It was a satisfaction to us all that husband and wife were buried together. She generally accompanied her husband, but was prevented this trip by the illness of her sister. This lady recovered her health, and sailed in the next vessel. She wrote a letter to us all from her home in Baltimore. I received and read it beside Anna's grave. A year afterward she revisited Havre in buxom health, accompanying her husband, also a sea-captain. For aught I know to the contrary, she is living yet.

I have related these facts leaving the reader to make his or her own comments upon them. When I undertook to write these recollections I did not promise to add any comments or ornaments. Should these occur, they may be regarded as the spontaneous offerings of my musing moods.

THE GAMING - HOUSE.

THE hour was midnight; but the midnight gloom
Was all dispelled from that unholy room
By two fair lamps, that shed their light, and shone
As if the scene were a delightful one:
Alas! there was no happiness, no rest,
For those who crowded round the board unblessed!
For though at times a smile would light a face,
Few were the hearts that smiling left the place.
One tall old man—I can remember now
His thin, pale visage, and his care-worn brow—
Threw with a look of agony his all
Upon one chance of the revolving ball!
His few gold pieces down, he turned away
To where the light more faintly lent its ray,
And bending low, with superstitious air,
He kissed a crucifix, and said a prayer:
This done, he slowly raised his aged head,
And stealing back with short and noiseless tread,
Beheld—oh, God! 't would melt a heart of stone!—
The wretch beheld his gold, his last hope, gone!
He screamed, he shrieked, he fell upon the floor,
And howling wild, his hoary tresses tore;
Then from his mouth and nostrils blood-drops ran,
And he was carried out a dying man:
This was but one of many scenes of sadness,
Where all is hope, or misery, or madness.

D.

A U T U M N A L S O N N E T S .

BY R. W. ROCKWELL.

I.

THE clouds of autumn drift along the sky,
 And lights are seen at windows in the glen,
 And in the populous thoroughfares of men;
 All else is night and silence, save the cry
 Of winds that sport in the old wilderness:
 Wild autumn winds! how doth your voice restore
 The memory of days that come no more—
 Departed days of joy and bitterness!
 Where are ye now, amid the 'vast unknown,'
 Friends of my youth, and sharers of my glee?
 Will ye return no more to solace me
 With your familiar looks and kindly tone?
 Ye answer not; yet far along the shore
 A sweet voice seems to sigh, 'No more! No more!'

II.

Creak, ye black forests! and ye mournful forms
 That flit like hooded monks across the bare
 And desolate solitude, urge through the air
 Your cloudy legions, O! ye gloomy Storms,
 Dark ministers of Night! I hear the roll
 Of rising winds; and in the lonely vale
 The dying Autumn lifts her mournful wail;
 Yet pleasant is her sadness to my soul:
 Lo! where the old Year bears her in his arms;
 The pale CORDELIA and the trembling LEAR;
 Will he not deck with heather her sad bier,
 And keep her safe from Winter's rude alarms?
 'Vex not his ghost!'—his life will soon be o'er!
 The 'sweet, low voice' he loved he hears no more!

III.

Mourn, Voice of the solemn Wilderness!
 For HIM who shed his precious blood for thee:
 JESU REDEMPTOR!—Lamb of Calvary!
 The heir of glory, anguish, and distress!
 O! how shall mortal tongue the love express
 With which THOU didst so love us, as to be
 Our sacrifice upon the accursed tree,
 Bearing the burden of our wickedness!
 O! ye wild winds, and wilder blasts that wail
 Amid the ebon darkness, have ye known
 Man's deep iniquity, that thus ye moan
 In hollow accents through the lonely vale?
 Alas, my soul! thy sins slew God's dear Son!
 'Kyrie eleeson! CHRISTE eleeson!'

CENTRAL AMERICAN SKETCHES.

NUMBER ONE.

It was a dark and rainy morning, when 'Land on the lee-bow,' was sung out by the man at the helm, and in considerably less time than is occupied in writing it, the occupants of the close little cabin, in which they had been cooped up for twenty-six mortal days, made their way on deck to look for the first time upon the coast of Central America. The dim outlines of the land were scarcely discernible through the murky atmosphere, and many and profound were the conjectures hazarded as to what precise point was then in view. The result finally arrived at was, that we were 'off Monkey Point,' about thirty miles to the northward of our destined port. This conclusion was soon confirmed by observing close under the shadow of the shore an immense rock, rising with all the regularity of the Pyramids to the height of three hundred feet; a land-mark too characteristic to be mistaken.

We were sweeping along with a stiff breeze, and were comforted with the assurance that we should be in port to breakfast, 'if,' as the cautious captain observed, 'the wind held.' But the perverse wind did not hold, and in half an hour thereafter we were tumbling about with a wash-tubby motion, the most disagreeable that can be imagined, and of which we had had three days' experience under the Capes of San Domingo. The haze cleared a little, and with our glasses we could make out a long, low line of shore, covered with the densest verdure, with here and there a feathery palm, which forms so picturesque a feature in all tropical scenery, lifting itself proudly above the rest of the forest, and the whole relieved against a back-ground of high hills over which the gray mist still hung like a veil.

Some of the party could even make out the huts on the shore; but the old man at the helm smiled, and said there were no huts there, and that the unbroken and untenanted forest extended far back to the great ridge of the Cordilleras. So it was when the adventurous Spaniards coasted here three centuries ago, and so it had remained ever since. These observations were interrupted by a heavy shower, which was acceptable for the wind it brought, which filled the idle sails, and moved us toward our haven. And though the rain fell in torrents, it did not deter us from getting soaked in vain endeavors to harpoon the porpoises that came tumbling in numbers around our bows.

But the shower passed, and with it our breeze, and again the brig rocked lazily on the water, which was now filled with branches of trees, and among the rubbish that drifted past, a broken spear and a cocoanut attracted particular attention; the one showed the proximity of a people whose primitive weapons had not yet given place to the more effective ones of civilized ingenuity, and the other was a certain index of the tropics. The shower passed, but it had carried us within sight

of our port. Those who had before seen cabins on the shore could not now perceive any evidences of human habitations, and stoutly persisted that we had lost our reckoning, and that we were far from our point of destination. But a trim schooner which was just then seen moving rapidly along under a pouring shower in the same direction with ourselves, silenced the pretended doubters, and became immediately a subject of great speculation. It was finally agreed on all hands that it must be the B —, a vessel which left New-York three days before us, the captain of which had boasted that he would 'beat us in by at least ten days.' So every body was anxious that the little brig should lead him into the harbor, and many were the oburgations upon the wind, and desperate the attempts of the sailors to avail themselves of every 'cat's-paw' that passed.

The excitement was great, and some of the impatient passengers inquired for sweeps, and recommended putting out the yawl to tow the vessel in. They even forgot, such was the excitement, to admire the emerald shores which were now distinct, not more than half a mile distant, and prayed that a black-looking thunder-storm that loomed gloomily in the east, might make a diversion in our favor. And then a speck was seen in the direction of the port, which every moment grew larger as it approached, and by and by the movement of the oars could be seen, and bodies swaying to and fro, and in due time a *pit-pa-n*, a long, sharp-pointed canoe, pulled by a motley set of mortals, stripped to the waist, and displaying a great variety of skins, from light yellow to coal black, darted under our bows, and a burly fellow in a shirt pulled off his straw-hat to the captain, and inquired in bad English, 'want-ee ah pilot?' The mate consigned him to the nether regions for a lubber, and inquired what had become of his eyes, and if he could n't tell the 'Francis' any where; the 'Francis,' which had made thirty-seven voyages to this port, and knew the way better than any black son of a gun who ever put to sea in a bread-trough! And then the black fellow in a shirt and straw-hat was again instructed to go to below, or if he preferred, to go and 'pilot in the lubberly schooner to windward.' The black fellow looked blacker than before, and said something in an unintelligible jargon to the rest, and away they darted for the schooner.

Meantime the flank of the thunder-storm swept toward us, piling up a black line of water, crested with foam, while it approached with a noise like that of distant thunder. It came upon us; the sails fluttered a moment and filled, the yards creaked, the masts bent to the strain, and the little brig dashed rapidly through the hissing water. In the darkness we lost sight of the schooner, and the shore was no longer visible, but we kept on our way; the Francis knew the road, and seemed full of life and eager to reach her old anchorage.

'Do n't she scud!' said the mate, who rubbed his hands in very glee. 'If this only holds for ten minutes more, we're in, like a spike!'—and strange to say, it did hold; and when it was past, we found ourselves close to 'Point Arenas,' a long narrow spit, partly covered with water, which shuts in the harbor, leaving only a narrow opening for the admission of vessels. The schooner was behind us, but here was a dif-

ficulty. The bar had changed since his last trip; the captain was uncertain as to the entrance, and the surf broke heavily under our lee. Excitement of another character prevailed as we moved slowly on, where a great swell proclaimed the existence of shallows. The captain stood in the bow, and we watched the captain. Suddenly he cried 'Hard-a-port!' with startling emphasis, and 'Hard-a-port' was echoed by the helmsman, as he swept round the tiller. But it was too late; the little vessel struck heavily as the wave fell.

'Thirty-seventh, and last!' muttered the mate between his teeth, as he rushed to the fastenings, and the main-sail came down on the run. 'Round with the boom, my men!'—and the boom swung round, just as the brig struck again, with greater force than before, unshipping the rudder, and throwing the helmsman across the deck. 'Round again, my men! Lively, or the 'Francis' is lost!' cheered the mate, who seemed invested with superhuman strength and agility; and as the boom swung round the wave fell, but the 'Francis' did not strike.

'Clear she is!' shouted the mate, who leaped upon the companion-way, and waved his hat in triumph; and turning toward the schooner, 'Do *that*, ye divil, and call yerself a sailor!' There was no doubt about it; the 'Francis' was in before the schooner, and notwithstanding the accident to her rudder, she passed readily to her old anchoring ground, in the midst of a spacious harbor, smooth as a mill-pond. There was music in the rattling cable as the anchor was run out, and the 'Francis' swung slowly round, with her broadside toward the town. The well was tried, but she had made no water, which was the occasion for a new ebullition of joy on the part of the mate.

All danger past, we had an opportunity to look about us. We were not more than two cable-lengths from a low sandy shore, upon which was ranged in a line parallel to the water a double row of houses, or rather huts, some built of boards, but most of reeds, and all thatched with palm-leaves. Some came down to the water, like sheds, and under one end were drawn up pit-pans and canoes. Some larger contrivances for navigating the San Juan river, resembling small canal-boats, were also moored close in shore, and upon each might be seen a number of very long and very black legs, every pair of which was surmounted by a very short white shirt. In the centre of the line of houses, which was no other than the town of San Juan de Nicaragua, was an open space, and in the middle of this was a building larger than the others, but of like construction, surrounded by a high fence of canes, and near one end rose a stumpy flag-staff, and from its top hung a dingy piece of bunting, closely resembling the British Union-Jack; and this was the custom-house of San Juan, the residence of all the British officials; and the flag was that of the 'King of Moschetoes,' the 'ally' of Great Britain!

But of this mighty potentate, and how the British officials came there, 'more anon.' Just opposite us, on the shore, was an object resembling some black monster which had lost its teeth and eyes, and which seemed sorry that it had left its kindred at the Novelty Works. It was the boiler of a steamer, which some adventurous Yankees had proposed putting up here, but which for some defect had proved useless. Be-

hind the town rose the dense tropical forest. There were no clearings, no lines of road stretching back into the country; nothing but dense, dark solitudes, where the tapir and the wild boar roamed unmolested; where the painted macaw and the noisy parrot, flying from one giant cebia to the other, alone disturbed the silence; and where the many-hued and numerous serpents of the tropics coiled among the branches of strange trees, loaded with flowers and fragrant with precious gums. The whole scene was unprecedentedly novel and picturesque. There was a strange blending of objects pertaining to the extremes of civilization. The boiler of the steamer was side by side with the graceful canoe, identical with that in which the simple natives of Hispaniola brought fruits to Columbus; and men in stiff European costumes were seen passing among others, whose dark, naked bodies, protected only at the loins, indicated their descent from the same aborigines who disputed the possession of the soil with the mailed followers of Cordova, and made vain propitiations to the symbolical sun to assist them against their enemies. Here they were, unknowing and careless alike of Cordova or the sun, and ready to load themselves like brutes, in order to earn a sixpence with which to get fuddled that night, in concert with the monotonous twanging of a two-stringed guitar!

Our anchor was not fairly down before a canoe came alongside, containing as variegated an assortment of passengers as can well be conceived. Among them were the officers of the port, whose importance was made manifest from the numerous and unnecessary orders they gave to the oarsmen, and the prodigious bustle they made in getting up the side. They looked inquiringly at the bright silken flag which one of the party held in his hands, and which looked brighter than ever under the rays of the setting sun. The eagles on the caps of the party were also objects which attracted many inquiring glances; and directly the captain was withdrawn into a corner, and asked the significance of all this. His answer seemed to diminish the importance of the officials materially, and one approached, holding his sombrero reverently in his hand, and said that 'Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General in Mosquitia, Mr. C——, was now resident in the town, and that he should do himself the honor to announce our arrival immediately, and hoped we had had a pleasant voyage, and that we would avail ourselves of his humble services;' to all of which gracious responses were given, together with a drop of brandy, which last did not seem at all unacceptable. I had warm letters of introduction to several of the leading inhabitants of San Juan, and accordingly began to make inquiries as to their whereabouts of a respectable-looking negro, who was among the visiting party. To my first question, as to whether Mr. S—— S—— was then in town, the colored gentleman uncovered his head, bowed low, and said that the humble individual named was before me. I also uncovered myself, bowed equally low, and assured him I was happy to make his acquaintance, delivering my letter at the same time with all the grace possible under the circumstances.

He glanced over its contents, took off his hat again, and bowed lower than before. Not to be behind-hand in politeness, I went through the same performance, which was responded to by a genuflection abso-

lutely beyond my power to undertake, without risk of a dislocation; so I resigned the contest and gave in 'dead beat,' much to the entertainment of the Irish mate, who was not deficient in the natural antipathy of his race toward the negro. Ben, my colored servant, next received a welcome not less cordial than my own; and my new acquaintance 'was glad to inform me, that fortunately there was a new house under his charge which was then vacant, and that he was happy in putting it at my disposal.' The happiness was worth exactly eight dollars, as I discovered by a bill which was presented to me four days thereafter, as we were on the point of leaving for the interior, and which, considering that the usual rent of houses here is from four to five dollars per month, was probably intended to include pay for the genuflections on ship-board. We were impatient to land, and could not wait for the yawl to be hoisted over the side; so we crowded ourselves into the canoe of the 'Harbor-Master,' and went on shore.

The population of the town was all there, many-hued and fantastically attired. The dress of the urchins from twelve and fourteen downward consisted generally of a straw hat and a cigar, the latter sometimes unlighted and stuck behind the ear, but oftener lighted and stuck in the mouth; a costume sufficiently airy, and, as M—— observed, 'excessively cheap.'

Most of the women had a simple white or flowered skirt (*nagua*), fastened above the hips, with a '*guipil*,' or sort of large vandyke, with holes, through which the arms were passed, and which hung loosely down over the breast. In some cases, the '*guipil*' was rather short, and exposed a dark strip of skin from one to four inches wide, and which the wanton wind often made much broader. It was very clear that false hips and other civilized contrivances had not reached here, and it was equally clear that they were not needed to give rotundity to the female figures which we saw around us. All the women had their hair braided in two long locks which hung down behind, and which gave them a school-girlly look quite out of keeping with the cool, deliberate manner in which they puffed their cigars, occasionally forcing the smoke in jets from their nostrils. Their feet were innocent of stockings, but the more fashionable ladies wore silk or satin slippers, which (it is hoped our scrutiny was not indelicately close) were quite as likely to be soiled on the inside as out. A number had gaudy-colored *rebosos* thrown over their heads, and altogether, the entire group, with an advance-guard of wolfish, sullen-looking curs, was strikingly novel, and not a little picturesque. We leaped ashore upon the yielding sand with a delight known only to the voyager who has been penned up for a month in a small, uncomfortable vessel, and without further ceremony rushed through the crowd of gazers, and started down the principal avenue, which, as we learned, had been called 'King-street' since the English usurpation. The doors of the various queer-looking little houses were all open, and in all of them might be seen hammocks suspended between the front and back entrances, so as to catch the passing current of air. In some of these, reclining in attitudes suggestive of most intense laziness, were swarthy figures of men, whose constitutional apathy not even the unwonted occurrence of the arrival

at the same moment of two ships, could disturb. The women, it needless to say, were all on the beach, except a few decrepit old dames, who gazed at us from the door-ways. Passing through the town, we entered the forest, followed by a train of boys and some ill-looking grown-up vagabonds. The path led to a beautiful lagoon, fenced in by a bank of verdure, upon the edges of which were a number of women, naked to the waist, who had not yet heard the news; they were washing, an operation quite different from that of our own country, and which consisted in dipping the clothes in the water, placing them on the bottom of an old canoe, and beating them violently with clubs. Visions of buttonless shirts rose up incontinently in long perspective, and we turned down a narrow path which led along the shores of the lagoon, and invited us to the cool, deep shades of the forest. A flock of noisy parrots were fluttering above us, and strange fruits and flowers appeared on all sides. We had not gone far before there was an odor of musk, and directly a plunge in the water. We stopped short, but one of the urchins waved his hand contemptuously, and said 'Lagartos!' And sure enough, glancing through the bushes, we saw two or three monstrous alligators slowly propelling themselves through the water. 'Devils in an earthly paradise!' muttered M——, who dropped into the rear. The urchins noticed our surprise, and by way of comfort, a little naked rascal in advance observed, looking suspiciously around at the same time, '*Muchos culebras aqui*,' 'Many snakes here!' This interesting piece of intelligence opened conversation, and we were not long in ascertaining that but a few days previously, two men had been bitten by snakes, and had died in frightful torments. It was soon concluded that we had gone far enough, and that we had better defer our walk in the woods to another day. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that it was never resumed.

Returning, we met my colored friend, who informed me that there was a quantity of hides stored in the house selected for my accommodation, but that he would have them removed that evening, and the house ready for our reception in the morning. Regarding ourselves as guests, whom it became to assent to whatever suggestion our host might make, we answered him that the arrangement was perfectly satisfactory, that we could sleep that night comfortably on board the vessel—a terrible fib, by the way, for we knew better—and that he might take his time in making such provision for us as he thought proper. We then sauntered through the town, looking into the door-ways, catching occasional glimpses of the domestic economy of the inhabitants, and admiring not a little the perfect equality and general good understanding which existed between the pigs, babies, dogs, cats and chickens. The pigs gravely took pieces of *tortillas* from the mouths of the babies, and the babies as gravely took other pieces away from the pigs. M—— observed, that this was as near an approach to those millennial days when the lion and the lamb should lie down together as we should probably live to see, and suggested that a particular 'note' should be made of it for the comfort of Father Miller and the Second-Advent Saints in general. There was one house in which we noticed a row of shelves containing various articles of merchandise, among which long-necked bottles of

various hues were most conspicuous, and in front of which was a rude counter, behind which again was a short lady of considerably lighter complexion than the average, to whom our colored friend tipped his hat gallantly, informing us at the same time that this was the 'Maison de Commerce de Viscomte A. de B — B — Et Co. ;' the 'Et Co.' consisting of the Viscomte's wife, two sons and five daughters, whose names all appeared in full in the Viscomte's circulars. Had we been told that here was the residence of some cazique with an unpronounceable name, we might have thought the thing in keeping, and passed on without ceremony ; but a Viscomte was not to be treated so lightly, and we turned and bowed profoundly to the short lady behind the counter, who rose and courtesied with equal profundity.

We reached the beach just as the sun was setting, where we found our mate with the yawl : ' An' it bates any city ye 've seen, I'll be bound ! It's pier number one, is this blessed spot of dirt where ye are jist now ; may be ye don't know it ! And yonder hen-coop is the custom-house, be sure ! and that dirty clout is the Nagur King's flag, bad luck to it ! and it's meself who expects to live to see the stripes and forty stars to back 'em, divil a one less, wavin' here ! Hurrah for Old Zack ! — an' it's him that can do it !'

It was clear that our mate, who had not looked at a bottle during the whole voyage, thought a 'd'hrap' necessary to neutralize the miasma of San Juan.

' Perhaps ye know what y'er laughing at, me dark boy ; an' it's meself that 'll be afther givin' ye a taste of the way we Yankees do the thing, savin' the presence of his honor here,' said the mate, dashing his hat on the ground and advancing a step toward my new acquaintance, who recoiled in evident alarm. We interposed, and the mate cooled at once, and shook hands cordially with the colored gentleman, although he spoiled the amendé by immediately going to the water's brink and carefully washing his palms.

While this comical scene was transpiring, a ghostly-looking individual, wan with numberless fevers, approached us. He was dressed in white, wore a jacket and a glazed cap ; upon the latter in gilded capitals we read 'POLICE.' He took off his cap, bowed low, for he was used to it, and said that Her Majesty's Consul-General presented his respects to the gentlemen, regretted that, being confined to his house by bodily infirmity, he could not wait on them in person, and hoped under the circumstances the gentlemen would do him the favor to call upon him.'

We responded by following the lead of the wan police-men (there was only one other, the rest had run away) who opened a wicket leading within the cane enclosure of the custom-house, entered that building, and ascending a rough, narrow and rickety flight of stairs, we were ushered into what at home would be called a shocking bad garret, but which were the apartments of the Consul-General. A long table stood in the centre, and a couple of candles flared in the breeze that came in at the unglazed openings at either end of the apartment, giving a dim, intermittent light, by means of which, however, we succeeded in discovering Mr. C —, the Consul-General. He was reclining on a rude settee, and rose with difficulty to welcome us. He apologised for

his rough quarters, betraying by his pronunciation that his youth at least had been passed among the haunted glens of Scotland. He had formerly been a member of Parliament, and had been nearly a year on this coast, in a service clearly little congenial to his feelings, and far from being in accordance with his notions of honor and justice. We found him intelligent and agreeable, and as free from prejudices as a Briton could be, and not cease to be a Briton.

The evening passed pleasantly, ('baring' the moschetoës,) and though we were told of scorpions, which are often found when people turn down their blankets, and of numerous lizards, which insinuate themselves over night in one's boots, we were too glad to get on shore to be much alarmed by the recital. Upon leaving, we were pressed to come every day to the consulate to dine, for we were assured, and with truth, that it was impossible to procure a reasonably-decent meal elsewhere in the town. The Nicaraguans at the fort above, it was asserted, bought up all the vegetables and edibles intended for San Juan, being determined to starve the hated English out, and there was not a foot of cultivated ground within fifty miles; consequently the market was poorly supplied, except with ship provisions, and of these we had had quite enough. This was far from comforting, for we had expected to find at San Juan a profusion of all the productions of the tropics, concerning which travellers had written so enthusiastically, and to be put on allowances of ship-biscuit and salt-pork was too much for any considerations of delicacy, so we accepted Mr. C ——'s generous offer, and returned on board to be phlebotomized by a horde of barbarous moschetoës, and to get up next morning feverish and unrefreshed, and only prevented from appealing to the medicine-chest by the happy consciousness that we were near the shore.

The cook's nondescript mess to which we had been treated every morning since we left New-York, and which had been called by way of courtesy 'breakfast,' was soon disposed of, and we went on shore, where our colored friend received us with a low bow, informing us at the same time that our house was ready. He led the way to a building not far distant from the 'Maison Commerce,' opening upon aristocratic King-street. It was constructed of rough boards, and was elevated on posts, so that every body who entered had to take a short run and flying leap, and was fortunate if he did not miss his aim and bark his shins in the attempt. It was satisfactory to know that the structure was comparatively new, and that the colonies of scorpions, lizards, house-snakes, cockroaches, and the other numerous, nameless and nondescript vermin which flourish here, had not had time to multiply to any considerable extent. And though there was a large pile of tobacco in bales in one corner, but no other object moveable or immoveable in the room, the novelty of the thing was enough to compensate for all deficiencies, and we ordered our baggage to be at once brought to our house. By way doubtless of indicating the capacity of the structure, our colored friend told us that this had been the headquarters of a party of Americans bound for California for the space of six weeks, and that forty of the number had contrived to quarter here; a new and practical illustration of the indefinite compressibility of

matter passing all previous ideas upon the subject. Our friend had provided for us in other ways, and had engaged a place where we might obtain our breakfasts, and proposed to introduce us to the family that was to perform that important duty. Their house was close by, and we were collectively and individually presented to Monsieur S —, a long, lank individual, with a long face, long hair and long beard, and wearing a prodigious pair of green glasses; he had been a grenadier under Napoleon, had served in numerous campaigns, had been in many bloody battles, and had probably escaped being shot because he was too thin to be hit. We were also introduced to the spouse of Monsieur S —, who was the very reverse of her lord, and who gave us a very good breakfast and superb chocolate, for which we paid only a dollar each per day. It was a blessed thing for our exchequer that we did n't dine, sup and lodge there! At the same place breakfasted a couple of Spanish gentlemen, who had come out in the schooner with a valuable cargo of goods for the interior. Our hostess certainly could not have had the heart to charge them a dollar for breakfast, for they had heard of revolutions and a terrible civil war in Nicaragua, and had been frightened out of their appetites. A 'bad speculation' at the best was before them, perhaps pecuniary ruin. We pitied them, but our appetites did not suffer from sympathy.

The day was passed in receiving visits of ceremony, arranging our new quarters, rigging hammocks (which we obtained at but little more than twice their actual value at the 'Maison Commerce' of the Vis-comte,) and dragging to light and air our mildewed wardrobes. We thought of consigning our soiled linen to the women at the lagoon; but the sturdy blows of their clubs still sounded in our ears, and we trusted to the future; but the future brought rough stones in place of the smooth canoe!

At six we repaired to the consulate to dinner, where we met several of the dignitaries of the place, and among others, Dr. G —; a worthy gentleman, without doubt, who will pardon us, as he would his looking-glass, for any personal reflections. His collar, which was the most conspicuous thing about him, firmly supported his head in a position where it could not be moved without producing a corresponding motion of the whole body. The doctor wore his hair very short, and his head was very small and very round; and withal, the doctor was excessively grave; so grave that one might deem a funeral going on, instead of a comfortable, cheerful dinner. He was not talkative; on the contrary, he was very silent, and it was for a long time doubtful whether he ever spoke; and when he did speak, it was in a kind of mechanical, unconscious way, that made one wonder after all if his lips were not moved by some secret machinery hidden within the unyielding cravat and immoveable collar; and what he did say was but an echo of the sentiments of the consul, whom the doctor evidently regarded as a being of another and superior race, not to say of unbounded power.

As the wine went round the doctor relaxed a little; and when, turning his body toward the writer, he ejaculated '*Sir!*' there was a general pause; and when it was repeated — '*SIR!*' — every body was

breathless. After a long period, the rest of the sentence came up from the depths of the cravat: 'May I have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you?' The gravity of a pious judge pronouncing sentence of death on a criminal was jocularly itself compared with the seriousness of the practitioner's question. Every one drew a long breath, as much as to say, 'Is that all?' and set to work again; and the doctor, exhausted with the effort, relapsed into immobile admiration of his superior's wisdom. Some one suggested during the evening that Lord Burleigh had been esteemed a very profound man, and the doctor said he 'believed so.'

That night passed comfortably in our new quarters, interrupted only by various droppings from the roof, which the active fancies of sundry members of the party converted into scorpions, and other noxious insects. All slept, notwithstanding, until broad day-light next morning, when every one was roused by the firing of guns, and a great noise of voices apparently in high altercation, mingled with the cackling of hens, the barking of dogs, and the squealing of pigs; a noise unprecedented for the variety of its constituent sounds.

'A revolution, by Jove!' exclaimed M——, whose brain was full of the news from the interior; 'it has got here already!'

The doors were nevertheless thrown open, and every unkempt head was thrust out to discover the cause of the tumult. The scene that presented itself passes description. There was a mingled mass of men, women and children, some driving pigs and poultry, others flourishing sticks; here a woman with a pig under one arm and a pair of chickens in each hand; there an urchin gravely endeavoring to carry a long-nosed porker, nearly as large as himself, and twice as noisy; there a busy party, forming a cordon around a mother pig with a large family, and the whole excited, swaying, screaming mass retreating before the two policemen in white, each bearing a sword, a pistol, and a formidable-looking blunderbuss.

'They are driving out the poor people,' said M——; 'it is quite too bad!'

But the manner in which two or three old ladies flourished their sticks in the faces of our wan friend and his companion, betokened, we thought, any thing but bodily fear. Still, every thing was a mystery; and when the crowd stopped short before our doors, and every dark visage, in which anger and supplication were strangely mingled, was turned toward us, each individual vociferating the while at the top of his voice, we were puzzled beyond measure. 'Death to the English!' was about all we could gather, until the wan policeman came up and explained, under a torrent of vituperation, that he and his companion were merely carrying into effect a wholesome regulation which Her Majesty's consul-general had promulgated, to the effect that the inhabitants of San Juan (which he called Greytown) should no longer allow the pigs and poultry to roam at large, but should keep them securely 'cooped and penned,' under penalty of having them shot by Her Majesty's servants; and as the aforesaid pigs and poultry had roamed at their will since the time 'the memory of man runneth not back thereto,' and as there were neither coops nor pens, it was very clear that the

wholesome regulation could be but partially complied with. A stout mulatto behind the policemen carried a pig and several fowls, which had evidently met a recent and violent end; and we had strong misgivings as to the manner in which the various small porkers and chickens which we had encountered at the consul's table had been procured.

The wan policeman grew pathetic and was almost moved to tears when he said, that while in the performance of his duty he was assailed as we saw, and that all his explanations were unregarded, and he was disposed to do as his companions had done—run away, and leave the town to the dominion of the pigs and chickens.

The crowd, which had been comparatively quiet during this recital, now broke out in reply, and gathering countenance from the presence of the Americans, fairly hustled the policemen into the middle of the street, and might have treated them to a cold-bath in the harbor, had they not been recalled by the voice of the Viscomte, who mounted a block and declaimed furiously in mingled Spanish and French against the 'perfidious English,' and talked of natural and municipal rights in a strain quite edifying, and eminently French. But as the Viscomte had been instrumental in bringing the English there, he did not get much of our sympathy. He had lost a pet pig that morning, which gave pith to his speech; and we determined to pay our particular respects to it that evening at the consul's.

To the appeals made to us directly, we were, as became us, diplomatically evasive; but the people were easily satisfied, and late that night we were treated to a serenade, the pauses of which were filled in with, '*Viva los Americanos del Norte*;' and next day the news was current that six American vessels of war were on their way to San Juan to drive out the English, whose effective force consisted of the wan policeman and his equally wan companion! And the consul himself did us the honor to hope that we had said nothing to encourage the poor people in their perversity, for he almost despaired of making them respectable citizens! They could n't discern, he was sorry to say, their own best interests. We might have suggested to him that circumstances here were quite different from those which surrounded the little towns of Scotland, and that what might be 'good for the people' in one instance might be eminently out of place in another; but then it was none of our business, *at present*, whatever it might be afterward.

During the day we paid a visit to the other side of the harbor, where some Moscheto Indians, who came down the coast to strike turtle, had taken up their temporary residence. They were the most squalid wretches imaginable, and their huts consisted of a few poles set in a slanting direction, upon which were loosely thrown a quantity of palm leaves. The sides were open, and altogether the structure must have cost fifteen minutes' labor. Under this shelter crowded a variety of half-naked figures, begrimed with dirt, with faces void of expression, and altogether brutish. They stared at us vacantly, and then resumed their meal, which consisted of a portion of the flesh of the alligator and the manitus, chopped in large pieces and thrown into the fire until the outer portions were completely charred. These were devoured without salt, and with a wolfish greediness which was horrible to be-

hold. At a little distance, and away from the stench and filth, the huts and the groups beneath and around them were really picturesque objects.

One hut had been vacated for the moment ; against it the fishing-rods and spears of its occupants were resting, and in front a canoe was drawn up ; this attracted our particular notice, and M — made a sketch of it on the spot. As we paddled along the shore, we saw many thatched huts in cool, leafy arbors, surrounded by spots of bare, hard ground, flecked with sunlight, which danced in mazes as the wind waved the branches above. Around them were dark, naked figures, and before them were light canoes, drawn close to the bank, which filled out the fore-ground of pictures such as we had imagined in reading the quaint recitals of the early voyagers, and the effects of which were heightened by the parrots and macaws, which fluttered their bright wings on the roofs of the huts, and deafened the spectator with their shrill voices. Occasionally a tame-monkey was seen swinging by his tail from the branches of the trees, and making grimaces at us as we passed.

The habits of the natives were unchanged in the space of three hundred years ; their dwellings were the same ; the scenes we gazed upon were counterparts of those which the discoverers had witnessed. Eternal summer reigned above them ; their wants were few and simple ; and profuse nature supplied them in abundance with all the necessities of existence. They little thought that the party of strangers gliding silently before them were there to prepare the way for the clanging steamer, and that the great world without was meditating the Titanic enterprize of laying open their primeval solitudes, grading down their hills, and opening from one great ocean to the other a gigantic canal, upon which the navies of the world might pass, laden with the treasures of two hemispheres !

L I N E S : F R O M H A F I Z .

Ah ! whence this balm ? — these odors whence,
 That charm and chain my ravished sense ?
 Thou stealest from my love, soft breeze ;
 Her locks alone bear sweets like these !
 What flower could thus the bower adorn ?
 Say not the rose ; it wears a thorn :
 NARCISSUS ? No : withdraw her veil,
 NARCISSUS' self were cold and pale :
 The basil sweet ? Can it compare
 In fragrance with her musky hair ?
 The lofty palm ? My fairer flower
 Would bear its honor from the bower ;
 Bigot and priest might not prefer
 The Houries of their heaven to her,
 And HAFIZ — how shall HAFIZ bear
 The absence of a love so fair !

D.

L O V E .

BY MRS. SARAH T. HOLTON.

SWEET Tormentor ! who can tell
How thy silken ties are wove ?
Magic cestus, wondrous spell,
Winning, wildering, witching Love !

Hope and memory, fear and thought,
Joy and sorrow, care and pain,
All mysteriously inwrought,
Are the linklets of thy chain.

Strong as life, and strong as death,
Yet as fragile as a flower,
E'en a word, a look, a breath,
May forever break thy power !

Of thy presence none may know,
Till the flutter of thy wings
Wakens music, soft and low,
From the heart's most silent strings.

Syren fair, for thee, erewhile,
Deeds of valor have been done ;
For the guerdon of thy smile
Empires have been lost and won.

Thralled by thee, the angels fell
From the bright Elysian bowers,
From the plains of heaven, to dwell
In this dreary world of ours.

With thy soul-enchanting arts
Thou dost lead us willing slaves ;
Slaves, with fetters on our hearts,
From our cradles to our graves.

Slaves, that sigh not to be free —
Slaves, that pine when thou hast flown ;
For this world, uncheered by thee,
Is a desert, dark and lone.

Sweet Tormentor ! who can tell
How thy silken ties are wove ?
Magic cestus, wondrous spell,
Winning, wildering, witching love !

Indianapolis, Feb. 6, 1850.

MUSINGS BY THE HEARTH.

BY A LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.

'AND AS I MUSED, THE FIRE BURNED.'—BIBER.

You made no objection, dear KNICK., to my commencing a series of modest, unpretentious papers, with the above title; and as I have some leisure, I do not know why I should not attempt to amuse some of the readers of your Magazine. I am sure of doing *one* thing; of getting my wife to read over my manuscript, and then my daughter will listen to her mother when she reads to her some '*very* striking passage,' and I shall hear the musical plaudit of their voices; and then I shall have won a part of the reward of my labors.

Do you think the outside good folk will like my gossipy style; my rambling, slip-shod, hop-about and here-and-there-and-every-where style? I feel quite sure they will: dear KNICK., they *shall*!

'MUSINGS BY THE HEARTH!'—ah, there is a sensible title, and how conveniently comprehensive! 'Musings?' Yes; dear old thoughts and fancies tripping and floating, swarming and flying through one's brain on these autumn nights; and when the winter comes, shall I not trouble your printers? White old Winter; my friend—the children's friend; the season of skates and sleighs, and apple-jack and good blazing fires! 'Musings by the Hearth.' The dream of love, the tender tale of pity, the sudden overthrow of states; the romance in family marriages; the dark mysteries, so sad, so sorrowful, of family deaths; the spell of music, lingering along those keys, where but an instant since a wife's white finger, ringed with your golden vow, has passed in tender softness, or in wild grandeur; the book you have read in the day-light, mused over in the twilight by the sacred and peaceful hearth, where honor sits enshrined in love, and Love forever holds her uplifted hands to heaven to bless the inmates of your house! And then the memories of good honest fellows whom we have met in our walks in the day, and the warm pressure of their hands, and the hope of seeing them soon about us; *these* are some of the thoughts that come to us around our hearth; memories of love, music, poetry, art, books, friendship, and a thousand other things, that minister to the musing brain, that star-monarch of the social and moral empire.

There is no need of my confining myself to one theme. That would be impossible. Could you or any of your readers sit or walk, and have in your minds one solitary thought alone, around whose superior eminence would cluster the clouds of doubt, or the rays of hopeful speculation?

How the season has changed! Bless our stars, it is autumn! How dry the air—how bracing; how it kills off the dyspepsia and all gloomy thoughts; not sober or even melancholy thoughts, but gloomy, down-in-the-cellar thoughts! While I write, the sunshine of October is in

the air, and a veil is spread away out over the misty woods, and in the fore-ground, right by your feet, how comfortable the changing hues of the short grass; and then over the white flinty rocks the red vines have crept! Look once against that wall of forest-trees. There is a dark shadow sleeping on the unmoving tops of half the wood; the other half is all in sunlight: not a breath of air to break the shimmer of the gold, or ruffle the purple peace of that quiescent grove; and then see you not the nearer trees that cluster right before your eyes? How russet they are; no cabbagey green to give a mental cholic as you look; but up into the still air they raise their sober branches, covered with tints of respectable and genteel brown! Now and then a ray of light glances athwart the wealth of foliage, and powders a lump of leaves with gold and silver. Look lower down, just where that bit of blue distance rules a line directly beneath the lower branches, and see how the stem of the tree breaks like a stalk of silver, inlaid with rubies and garnets, and pearls, and emeralds, upon your enraptured vision! There is a broad surface of gray rock, just entering, as it were, beneath the shadow of the tree; and how glorious is its tone, sprinkled with chequered light and shade, with here and there a crisped leaf, lying all rolled up, like a withered love-letter, sent from the dancing upper bough to the cold flinty heart of the pure rock beneath! Now, on the left, turn to that gnarled and withered oak, the warrior-oak, whose knotted branches are flung against the sky; still beautiful in decay, still strong in the memory of many a battle with the storm. There are minor trees and spruce springing stems and boughs, interlacing here and there and every where, like lattice-work of nature, through which sylvan goddesses look out from the secret woods into the open fields beyond; these minor stems and sprays, and thick interweaving boughs, go to make up the hedge of nature, that screens us from the far-off pearly horizon on the left: but look away down there — yes, way out, just where my finger points, over the roof of that cottage, with the red chimney and the blue smoke, and see yonder net, a line of gleaming light — a light neither of heaven nor of earth! There is another something white, that even as I spoke arose upon that flickering line of light; see how it moves, and onward it comes; now it turns away from us, and spreads its broad wings, and seems to fly to yon blue scrap of swelling land, away off to the right! Why, Knick., that gleam of light is the Atlantic Ocean; and that white moving thing a freighted vessel from an older world to this young world of ours. Is it not beautiful? — is it not all in perfect harmony with our thoughts, that dance not with too wild a pulse, nor move to too slow a measure; and over all this blue expanse of heaven, with here and there a cloud, fretted with tangled webs of shade! How close to our doors lies the simple scene that I have just described! Only two miles from Brooklyn, on the Flatbush road.

Dear people, it is no great thing to talk in this way about a little bit of road-side scenery. It is very common: every body who travels in the Flatbush omnibus can see it. It lies three hundred yards below the Mount Prospect Hotel, just at the bottom of the hill, a little before where you turn to go into the deep valley. I walked out there this

morning, and got my heart all warmed and soothed in looking out from the golden land to the silver sea.

I am not done yet with Autumn. I am going to talk about it as often as I can. Every body should love it, for it seems to love every body. This is the time my mouth begins to water for new cider, put up in half-pint bottles. Thirst is a blessing just when you are about putting your half-tired foot upon the front-porch of a country road-side inn.

How healthy, how *harvesty* all the landscape is about you! There are a few greenish-looking pippin apples, hanging like baby-heads from branches of orchard-trees. The other apples have spilt their cider weeks ago, and the fresh, dry, magic air (I do n't affect a breeze, except in deep summer-time) has braced you to ham-and-eggs and a bottle of the apple-cider. A piece of ice in the tumbler would be of no injury — it would do it no especial good, either. How it sparkles and foams and frets, and pumps at your nose to tickle you into a broad grin; and how it glides from its glass into your expectant mouth, and lo! all the inward man is blessed and refreshed: and then for the clean table-cover and the blue-edged country plates, with the home-made bread and the white salt, and the castors on the side-table; and then the good old-fashioned smell of ham-and-eggs; and how nicely the cook has pressed out the mealy potatoes, and how invitingly they cluster together, and beg you to 'fork them out!' All this must be enjoyed by a city wight, with a good eye for small drink and plain cheer; and he must seek it in the country, in the nut-brown country, in the golden season of the year.

Spring flowers and spring chickens delight me much in the season; but then there is a something about spring that strikes me with a prejudice. Spring seems to have been made for the benefit of young children; for the benefit of growing things; flowers, vegetables, calves, and bushy-tailed colts, and bleating lambs. There is a something so weak, so tottering in the legs, about spring, that it affects not my six-foot nature especially. I never warmed to spring, because it chilled me ever. Peach-blossoms are not as good as ripe peaches; and therefore, upon that broad principle, I do not so much love the baby's season, spring. Poets with weak nerves have sung and will sing about spring; fellows that can't go out of the house without getting a cold in the head, and who sneeze at the breeze made by the flight of a fly across the room. Spring always (it seemed so to me) trifled with my feelings.

But Autumn! — Heavens, what a time! Sing it, ye manly verse-makers; sing it, ye men of action, and ye women 'that *are* women!' Up with your broad sinewy hands, ye masculine soldiers of life, and pledge me in the autumn champagne — 'THE AUTUMN OF THE YEAR!'

REFORMERS CONTRASTED.

CHRIST preached the world a kingdom yet to come,
And FOURIER a kingdom preached to France;
That was of love; the new millenium
Is of fat things to feed the stomach's wants:
The church a restaurant, where one and all
Eat a cheap dinner in a common hall.

L I N E S

ON RECEIVING SOME BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS OF SEA-WEED, COLLECTED AND PRESERVED BY A YOUNG
LADY OF CONNECTICUT.

FAR away, where proud TAGHCONIC
Hails the morning's earliest greeting,
And the jocund HOUSATONIC
Singeth on from vale to vale,
Now o'er foaming rapids fleeting,
Now through level meads advancing,
Gracefully as Naiad dancing
Mazes in a flowery dale:

There how oft in dreamy childhood,
When my task was early ended,
Have I sought some leafy wildwood,
By that river's murmuring breast,
And, in Fancy's bark extended,
Down its silver lapses glidden,
Gay as guest by angels bidden
To a banquet of the blest!

O! the ever dear delusion
That could wake such glad emotion!
As in Berkshire's green seclusion
• Heard I far the sound of oars,
Saw the boundless wastes of ocean,
Felt the storm-wind's rushing pinions,
And beheld his boisterous minions
Leaping on a thousand shores!

Then great navies loomed before me,
Terrible with volleyed thunder;
Or some white-winged galleon bore me
On from bloomy isle to isle,
O'er clear depths so rapt in wonder
Of the sea-king's priceless treasures,
And the mermaid's sinless pleasures,
That I scarcely breathed the while.

But were all that fancy ever
Pictured, lady! to my vision,
In her happiest endeavor
Ocean's marvels to unfold,
Grouped and graced with light elysian
Here beside these real daughters,
These sweet foundlings of the waters,
All were charmless, faint and cold.

Thanks be thine, then, fearless maiden!
Whose light shallop braves the ocean,
And at eve, with sea-flowers laden,
Homeward wafts its PROSERPINE:
Thanks of heart-felt, fond emotion,
For these forms, so bright and faëry,
Plucked from many a blooming prairie
Fathoms deep beneath the brine!

New-York, Oct., 1850.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

A HISTORY OF ALL NATIONS, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time, or a Universal History, in which each Country is separately noticed. By S. G. GOODRICH. Boston: WILKINS AND CARTER.

It appears that Mr. Goodrich, who is most known by his educational works, does not shrink from more formidable undertakings. A few years since he gave to the public a *Universal Geography*, containing one thousand pages of broad octavo ; soon after, a popular series of twenty volumes, entitled the '*Cabinet Library*;' and now we have the first volume of a '*Universal History*,' which, when completed, will fill twelve hundred pages in double column royal octavo.

This latter work is likely to enhance the author's reputation, as it seems to us eminently successful in an attempt to present an historical view of the world, adapted at once to popular reading, and useful as a treasury of historical reference. Considering the ordinary mode of presenting general history in one consentaneous chronological view, as bewildering to most readers, and necessarily excluding that clearness and minuteness of detail, essential to the interest of a narrative, he gives a continuous and connected history of each country by itself. In cases which require, as when the history of one nation crosses that of another, or connects itself with the general affairs of the world, he introduces such views and sketches as are desired, in order to give the full scope of the subject in hand. In this way, almost every page of the work is invested with the attraction belonging to precise, detailed narrative. It greatly increases the value of the work that the geography, ancient and modern, of each country, is distinctly given with stylographic maps, as a preliminary to the history. Thus the reader sets out upon his historical studies with a clear idea of the position, shape, extent, population, climate and resources of every country to which they relate. The histories are brought down to the present time, and are closed by a sketch of the character and manners of the people. The work, therefore, may be regarded as an historical and geographical view of the world, embracing the present condition of each country, and the steps by which it has reached its actual condition. The first volume is now complete, and the second will be published in a few weeks.

The plan of the work, considered as a treatise for the million, appears to us most excellent, and the execution is in a high degree felicitous. It is marked by the clearness, vigor and simplicity of style, characteristic of the author. It is not a mere copy or servile compilation ; many of the general views are original and striking, and are frequently presented with force and eloquence. The following passage from the

General View of Asia, will be interesting in itself, and afford a fair illustration of the author's style :

'But if such has been the history of Asia for the past, there is reason to believe that a change is not remote. Indeed, within the present century, great and significant changes have actually taken place in Asia. If we direct our attention to the west, we shall see that the Turkish power, which has been the impassable wall between Europe and Asia, seems gradually wasting away. Not long since, its territories were estimated at nearly one million of square miles; now they can hardly be rated above half a million. It has lost its possessions in Africa; Greece has been separated from its provinces in Europe; and Russia has taken portions of its Asiatic provinces. Of those which remain, some are independent in all but name, while the rest are divided by race and history, leaving only religion as the principle of cohesion and of fidelity to the government. The territory of Turkey has, therefore, been reduced one-half within the last fifty years, while its moral and political power, in view of the relative strength and intelligence of European nations, is reduced in an equal degree. It is clear that if it were to become the policy of any leading nation of Europe to crush the Ottoman empire, its fate would be inevitably sealed; and even if no such catastrophe should happen, the influence of intercourse with Christendom, which is already visible in Turkey, must, ere long, as effectually subdue the barbarism of the people, as if they were to pass under the yoke of foreign conquest.

'On the north, the entire continent is in possession of Russia; the great peninsula of the south is subject to Britain; and these two powers, advancing in their ambitious designs, have almost met, face to face, within the limits of the ancient empire of Persia. Neither of these energetic nations is likely to recede; on the contrary, their conquests will probably be indefinitely extended. On the east of Asia, a momentous change has recently taken place; the brazen gates of Chinese exclusion have been rudely broken open by the Samson of the sea, and 'the beginning of the end' seems already shadowed forth to the view.

'Thus, on all sides, the moral and religious barriers opposed to Asiatic civilization are giving way. Already one-third of its territory is in possession of the two leading European nations; and from the extension of our own frontiers to the Pacific — thus bringing us within five thousand miles of Asia — a new element is added upon which to found calculations of improvement. It has often been remarked, that the course of intellectual illumination among nations has been like that of the sun, carrying its light over the world from east to west. The poet, following this idea, and alluding to America, has said :

'Westward the star of empire takes its way,' etc.

'In view of recent events, we may go beyond this prophetic suggestion, and while we see our country reflecting back upon Europe the civilization it borrowed there, we may soon behold it following the course of nature and of history, and completing the cycle by carrying civilization to Asia, destined to result in its regeneration.'

The chapters on Tartary, which the author characterises as 'the great nursery of nations; the armory of Divine Providence, whence were drawn the weapons for the destruction of corrupt, worn-out or imbecile nations,' are exceedingly interesting, and present a page of historical wonders hitherto little regarded or appreciated. This part of the work is the result of great labor and research, and is a valuable contribution to history. An elaborate ethnographical table of the various tribes is given, which serves to divest the subject of that complication which has hitherto rendered it inaccessible to general reading.

We are happy to remark that in his sketches of personal and national character the author has not followed in the track of antiquated prejudice. He seems to have come to his task with liberal views and an impartial spirit, in the light of which many subjects wear a new and more truthful aspect. The Chinese national character and literature, a subject by the way treated with a good deal of learning, are redeemed from the contempt so largely bestowed upon them by the writers of the last century. We might note many other instances of this kind. We have space only to add the following extract, closing our notice by remarking, that the work displays not only Mr. Goodrich's accustomed industry, good taste and talent for description, but a high degree of ability as a philosophical historian. The following passage is taken from an exceedingly interesting chapter on the character of the French nation :

'HERE, then, is France; at once homogenous and fragmental, national and provincial. There is no land where the people are more universally devoted to the central idea of country than this. *La Belle France* is the object of general idolatry; yet, as we have said, the local peculiarities remain strongly marked. France is like a painting, having one grand design, yet showing the separate threads of the canvass behind, and beyond the colors which give unity to the surface. The solution of this phenomenon is found in the early history of France. The Celts — a noisy race, which over-

ran Europe sword in hand, from a vain and uneasy desire to see, know, and busy themselves with every thing" — were still a genial, social people. These formed the basis of the present population, and gave tone and color to the texture of society. They were broken into many bands and tribes, and settling in different parts of the country, perpetuated their peculiarities, often deriving from the soil and climate the instruments by which these were preserved, and perhaps exaggerated.

* Considering the Celtic stock as the basis of the modern Gallic nation, we must nevertheless remember the mixture of Grecian blood at Marseilles and the contiguous country; of Norman, in what still bears the name of Normandy; of Roman, infused during nearly five centuries of Roman dominion; and finally of German, in the migrations of the Burgundians, Visigoths, and Franks. This mixture of nations has been highly advantageous to France. It seems a general law that the simple, original races are rather designed to break the soil than reap the harvest of civilization. The pure Caucasian — if we take the people inhabiting the country which gives name to the race, as its example — has never advanced beyond barbarism; the Mongolian, in his native land, is little better than a savage; the Malay, the Negro, and the American Indian, have never, by themselves, shown a capacity for improvement beyond a very limited degree. The first nations, unmixed, always seem to remain children. With them the physical is predominant. The historian speaks of those which early peopled Europe, 'with large, fair, soft, succulent bodies,' as the infants of a nascent world. It is by grafting that the finest fruits are produced. The crab-apple will remain a crab forever if its sap be not mingled with that of other kinds. The pippin is the result of a long and careful crossing of varieties. Thus it is, among the mixed races of mankind, that we see the intellectual gaining an ascendancy over the material; it is among nations in whose veins is mingled the blood of various kindreds and tongues, that are found the highest examples of intellectual and moral endowment. What was even England, with its Anglo-Saxon race, till the infusion of French-Norman blood? Do not all the monuments of which she boasts take their date since the conquest? In early ages, war — the instinct of uncivilized man — effected the mixture which Providence seems to have designed as the instrument of human improvement; in a more enlightened age, adopting the spirit of the gospel, which extends its blessings alike to Jew and Gentile, it should be the aim of every good man to soften the hostility of races, and promote the progress of society, by mingling all into one fraternity of states and nations.²

THE RELATIONS OF THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR TO HIS COUNTRY AND HIS TIMES: an Address delivered before the Associate Alumni of the University of Vermont and the Literary Societies of Brown University. New-York: BAKER AND SCRIBNER.

WE have perused this address with a pleasure much beyond that which we have usually derived from reading similar collegiate performances, delivered on kindred occasions. It is written throughout in pure Saxon English, and is as remarkable for the force and condensation of its thoughts as for the felicity of their expression. It is a consideration of the relations which American scholars sustain to the country, and the age in which they live; of the peculiar duties which certain aspects of American society devolve upon them, and of the spirit and the temper in which those duties should be performed. We should be glad, had we the requisite space, to quote the writer's spirited consideration of 'protestant conservatism,' and the influence which it exerts in forming and swaying the minds and habits of thought of individuals and communities; but we must content ourselves with the subjoined passage, with which Mr. RAYMOND closes his able and eloquent address: 'Let us, when we go forth from these retired and serene heights, where the world's warfare reaches us only like the dim murmur of a far-off sea; when we descend into the dust, and the heat and the noise of its strife, let us go as to the spot where God has appointed our work. Let us remember that if this age, and this society, are not better for our existence; if our fellow men are not wiser and better and happier because we have lived and labored with them; if we do not infuse into the political and social activities of the time something of the healthful and the beneficent influence which our studies ought to have conferred upon us, we shall have been scholars in vain, and scholarship will bear the curse of our unfruitfulness. Ours is the task to raise what is low; to illumine what is dark; to guide the blind, to give strength to the weak, courage to the timid, hope and help to all men, as our endowments may enable us to do. Not for ourselves — not for our selfish purposes or equally selfish pleasures — not for scholarship or the pride of knowledge, have we received the culture and the discipline which make us

scholars. We must use the power thus acquired for the upbuilding and the improvement of the society in which our lot is cast. We must put our hands to the great work of social progress, and give all the aid of our utmost strength to the enlightenment and the advancement of our fellow men. Thus, and thus only, can we discharge the duties which every AMERICAN SCHOLAR owes to AMERICAN SOCIETY.'

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION: A Narrative of Recent Transactions, involving Inquiries in regard to the Principles of Honor, Truth and Justice, which obtain in a Distinguished American University. In one volume 12mo.

'*Audi alteram partem*' is a proper maxim to be borne in mind while we essay a brief notice of this recent work of Miss BEECHER. We intend our readers *shall* hear both sides, if the other side is as briefly stated as we shall state this. We ask the reader, therefore, to remember that the statements here made may be very much modified, perhaps, by counter-statements from the party implicated. We are only speaking and arguing 'from the record' in the volume before us; and shall not 'make up our mind' until we hear both sides. The history of this strange love affair, and its still stranger dénouement, must interest all who read it. We were inclined to view the matter rather lightly, as a tale of wounded love concocted by some old maids to avenge a fancied wrong; but this idea has been in a measure dispelled; and in its room has sprung up a feeling of sorrow at the thought that venerable men, fathers in the church, and occupying the most responsible stations in the land, could listen to such a tale as that told them by a young clergyman whom they have endeavored to shield from the public censure which his conduct would seem to deserve. It would appear that the 'acquaintance' between the parties began at the Tontine-Hotel, in New-Haven, where Miss D — had rooms, by an invitation from the lady to the gentleman to meet her in her parlor. But we must not omit to state that this note of invitation was given *after* a request from Mr. A — for an introduction. The acquaintance thus begun, advanced rapidly to such a degree of intimacy as to attract the attention and elicit the remarks of the boarders at the hotel, and others. There being a great disparity in the age of the parties, Mr. A — being twenty-four and Miss D — thirty-four, it was made obvious that this fact alone would prevent a union, with any prospect of happiness. This Miss D — does not seem to have forgotten; and it was only after repeated and urgent solicitations, that she permitted the intimacy to be continued. After she had endeavored to break off the intimacy, she determined to go to a water-cure establishment for her health; and what does Mr. A. — do, but break an existing engagement to preach for a brother, and almost per force, accompany Miss D — to the watering-place; and after a hasty journey home, to make the necessary preparation, he returns *again*, and there during ten weeks he pays her the most assiduous and devoted attentions, literally monopolizing all the time in which she could be seen, and accompanying her in all her walks. The attention of the boarders at the establishment was attracted by all this; and the common opinion was, that they were engaged. About the time Miss D — left the establishment, it was apparent that a change had taken place between the parties. After her return to New-Haven, the acquaintance was broken off; but the subject was not suffered to rest. It was too rich and precious a piece of scandal for the gossips of

Connecticut to 'willingly let die.' They must keep it circulating, and it would seem that, as usual, it lost nothing by being agitated. Miss D — remained silent until *compelled* to speak, and then made it public that an engagement had existed, but had been broken off. The gentleman's version of the matter, as here stated, is, that the acquaintance was begun by her solicitation, was continued by her, and no less than five distinct proposals of marriage were made to him by her! Two of these proposals were made before the sojourn at the water-cure establishment. If such a statement had not been believed, and the propounders of it supported by the grave and reverend seniors of Yale College, one would think it need only be mentioned to satisfy the minds of every man and woman in the country. But the story *was* believed, and very extensively circulated in all New-England and elsewhere, before measures were taken to refute it. An examination of the affair was at length made, when Miss D — 's account of the intimacy was given on oath, before an ecclesiastical committee, who, after a hearing of the evidence, made a report to their association; when that dignified body decided, that the only action it was necessary for them to take in the case, was to name a committee to reprimand Mr. A — for his *imprudence*! We shall hear more of this anon.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW FOR THE OCTOBER QUARTER. BOSTON: CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN. NEW-YORK: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

THIS is an excellent number of an excellent work. It opens with an able review of 'MAHOMET and his Successors,' by WASHINGTON IRVING, which evinces much research in oriental history. The work is warmly commended, as it well deserves to be. 'Mr. IRVING,' observes the reviewer, 'possesses the rare power — fruit of genial sympathy and most honest intent — of throwing his own mind into the mind he steadfastly contemplates, so as to see with its eyes, understand with its understanding, and feel with its passions; not as the Ghoul inhabits a forsaken form, making the vehicle hideous to those who loved it best in its true being, but rather as some friendly angel might, for a time, reanimate the earthly tenement of one departed, for the sake of explaining what had been unlovely in its past seeming, or of laying open the unsuspected or overlooked sources of its errors. The biographer of COLUMBUS, of GOLDSMITH, of MAHOMET — an immensely comprehensive triangle — possesses a magic equal to that of the 'wise CORNELIUS,' who, by 'gramarye,' could show in his 'mirror broad and high,' the absent and the dead, characteristically employed, and wearing the full appearance of life.' A paper on 'The Navigation of the Ancients' succeeds, which we have not found leisure as yet to peruse. It is a review of an English work entitled 'The Voyage and Shipwreck of Saint PAUL, with Dissertations on the Sources of the Writings of Saint LUKE, and the Ships and Navigation of the Ancients.' We passed also the article on 'Slavic Languages and Literature' that we might the sooner enjoy an admirable article on CUMMING's 'Hunter's Life in South Africa,' which succeeds it, and which we read through to the end with unabated interest. It is one of the best papers in the number. 'The HOMERIC Question' and 'The Works of JOHN ADAMS' we are compelled to reserve for future perusal. Elaborate justice is rendered to Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, that accomplished writer and speaker, in an extended review of his 'Orations and Speeches on Various Occasions.' Among the remaining papers are reviews of 'FURNACE's History of Jesus' and 'LAING's Observations in

Europe.' In the briefer 'Critical Notices' we find a review of 'Frontenac,' by our friend and correspondent, ALFRED B. STREET. The work is cordially commended, although in some particulars it is pronounced defective. It is declared, however, to be a poem abounding 'in native beauties, both of thought and expression;' the 'story well constructed and vividly told.' But here is a little tap of disapprobation at which the poet himself will laugh as heartily as any other reader: 'There is a good deal of Indian lore scattered over this poem. Sometimes the display of it is pedantic. Onondaga phraseology should be as sparingly indulged in as Latin and Greek. A more temperate use of tomahawks would also have been commendable. One would suppose the normal condition and chief end of man was to scalp or be scalped, so horribly frequent is the whipping off of the top of the head throughout the poem. 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,' says the great poet; he might have added, with the favorite figure of *crasis*, had he been Mr. STREET or an Iroquois, 'still more uneasy lies the head *that does n't*.' But we are exceeding our space, and must take sudden leave of our old and favorite Quarterly.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF COUNTRY HOUSES: including Designs for Country Farm-Houses and Villas; with Remarks on Interiors, Furniture, and the Best Modes of Warming and Ventilating. By A. J. DOWNING, Esq. One volume. pp. 484. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

As the pioneer delineator of the beauties and advantages of cottage architecture in our country, Mr. DOWNING deserves the thanks of the American public. He has done much toward removing, or at least toward *preventing*, those square, unornamented, tasteless edifices which had so long disfigured even beautiful Nature itself; and he has driven out of fashion those eternal Grecian temples, with a great column of pine boards before every front window; and if, following an unformed taste, some ambitious persons have imbibed without understanding his reforming views, and erected dwellings in the 'P'inted *Ironie*' style of domestic architecture, it is *they* who are to be laughed at, and not Mr. DOWNING. In the volume before us, profusely explained by some three hundred and twenty illustrations, Mr. DOWNING has comprehended all the information and direction necessary to the establishment of a true taste among our country-builders, and the carrying out of that taste to practical results. Our author argues well upon the reasons why his countrymen should have good houses. The perception of proportion, symmetry, order and beauty increases interest in rural architecture, and has much to do with the progress of a country's civilization. The more pleasant, the more tasteful you make a *home*, the more strongly do you rivet the links of the affections; and what is true of an individual, is true of a nation made up of such. A love of home, therefore, is a love of country. The moral influence of a country home is well set forth by Mr. DOWNING: 'The mere sentiment of home,' he remarks in his preface, 'with its thousand associations, has, like a strong anchor, saved many a man from shipwreck in the storms of life.' How much the moral influence of that sentiment may be increased by making the home all that it should be, and how much an attachment may be strengthened by those external signs of beauty that awaken love in the young, the experience of all observant persons can attest. We commend this well-printed and beautifully-illustrated volume to all who are interested in the various important details whereof it treats.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES TO READ' is the title of a communication recently received from an anonymous correspondent, wherein the writer argues feelingly against the breach of confidence which a young lady commits, when she reveals the fact that a sighing swain has offered himself to her, and she has rejected him. Our readers shall hear him on this point: 'Among the rules or laws of intercourse between individuals, is a principle of trust, or, to be more exact, a *'Principle of Confidence.'* A breach of trust evinces a want of that common principle which keeps human society together; but a breach of confidence betrays a more than ordinary share of baseness and depravity. Matters reposed in the bosom of another in a confidential manner should never be brought to private or public notice, except for purposes of public justice. Thus in conversation one may say: 'This is told you in trust, not to be mentioned to any one.' Or if, communicating with another by epistle, and wishing his thoughts to be considered private, he will prefix to his letter the significant term 'confidential,' or terminate the same by saying 'confidentially yours,' etc. Now for one to reveal a subject thus entrusted, in the manner prescribed, would meet with the merited disapprobation and contempt of every person professing the principles of virtue and true nobleness of soul. For even in the pagan world a betrayer of secrets has been considered as only fit for the companionship of the vile and the abandoned. Among the ancient Egyptians, to bring to public notice any thing related in confidence, was considered a capital offence. But there are certain subjects or secrets which should *never* be divulged, even when these provisos are not made in epistles or conversation: from the very nature of the intercourse it should be held in sacred confidence. Yet in certain instances we have noticed a disregard to the law or general principles of confidence, as in the case of a *declined offer for matrimony by a gentleman to a lady*. Is there not a great breach of confidence committed when a moral, high-minded young man offers his hand and heart to a professedly virtuous woman; and she, from considerations of vanity, or pride, or perhaps from no motive at all, reveals the same, either directly or indirectly? It is not to be questioned for a moment that the lady, after receiving a proposition for marriage, in her wisdom, after due consideration, may say 'Nay;' yet at the same time it may be asked whether, in nine cases out of ten, when matters of love go so far as to call for an open declaration, that she has not acted the part of a heartless jilt, who had given her lover every reason to *believe* that her affections were sincere and ardent? A popular writer, treating on the delicate subject of 'popping the question,' concludes his remarks by saying: 'As a general rule, a gentleman never need be refused.'

Every woman, except a cold, heartless coquette, finds the means of discouraging the man whom she does not intend to marry, before the matter comes to the point of a declaration.' Permit me, Mr. KNICKERBOCKER, to introduce here a part of a letter of 'SENEX' to a young lady who had betrayed the confidence reposed in her by a lover and a friend: 'But suppose, for a moment, that the term 'heartless coquette' may not be applied to you in the least degree, but that you received the visits and epistles of Mr. A — in no other light than that of a virtuous friend. Yet from what principle of refined sensibility and noble action ought even this friend be allowed to be betrayed — one who has visited your home for months and for years? Perhaps you may say it was violated in a private manner to your brother and sister; at the same time you knew that they in turn would have their professed confidants; so that in a little period it would soon become public property. Or perhaps you may say that no request was made to keep the matter secret. Suppose this were the case? Such was the respect entertained for your moral worth, that your lover could not for a moment suppose that you would meanly betray the trust reposed in you. Was the proposal made in a public manner, that the town, or even your own family, might hear of it? Was it not done in private, when you were alone? Should it be the custom for the lady to make the proposition to the gentleman, would you, in the case of a refusal, like to have the same made public? Act then according to the golden rule: 'Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.' But perhaps you may say that no injury has been inflicted upon your friend by making known the fact that he had offered himself to you. But of this you are not so certain. If he is a man of a sensitive disposition and retiring manners, I have no doubt but that he is affected by the impropriety of your conduct; first in your refusal, and secondly in your revealing that which was really confidential, although no request was given not to divulge it,' etc.

'Thus far 'SENEX.' I would add, in conclusion, that all those ladies who betray in the slightest degree a confidence of this nature generally reap the reward of their own doings. The consequence is, that men are generally afraid of them. I once knew a young man of fortune, intelligence, and great moral worth, who rather fancied a beautiful lady, of agreeable manners and fascinating address. When some persons saw fit to recommend her, by saying that she had received some two or three offers, he replied: 'If she has deceived others, she shall not have the opportunity of acting so toward me. Beside, she cannot have a pure heart, or else she never would have told of it.' She lived and died a sour, disappointed old maid, notwithstanding her numerous 'offers.' Let the fair girls and their good mothers understand that there can be no greater breach of good manners, or a grosser violation of Christian principles, than to reveal that which has been placed in the secret keeping of one bosom.'

Well, we have heard 'SENEX' and 'VERITAS;' and now we wish to 'put in our oar' and 'propel' on the subject of coquettes. And we are not going to say any thing of the other sex; we shall speak of the *male coquette*, the meanest and most detestable of the whole tribe. A man, if such a creature can be called a man, enters a house, the abode of refinement, of tenderness, and of affection, and by assiduous attentions, by temporary devotion to one particular member of that happy family circle, succeeds in interesting, and finally in winning the affections, of a self-sacrificing, confiding girl, who has nothing to bestow but the wealth of a pure and innocent heart. *This* accomplished, the selfish destroyer of a fair girl's peace begins to bethink himself that he may have been a 'little too fast;' he should have *thought* of this, before he had

gone so far; he must relieve himself of this difficulty, and take good care to be more guarded in future. And straitway he sets about contriving pretexts by which he may perfect his villany; and difficult as is the task, he achieves it, as such a man would; and leaves the victim of his heartless selfishness a prey to regretful thoughts, wounded sensibilities, and painful reminiscences. Whip us *such* villains, wherever they may be found! A female coquette is an angel in the comparison. She leaves her lover free; not so the other. She has trusted and been deceived. Her true heart had been given away, and she has no other heart to bestow. This is *our* 'say' on this subject.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON 'P'ISON SARPENTS.' — Every visitor at SHERRILL's 'Lake House,' on Lake George, at least every one who has had the pleasure to make the acquaintance of either of the Brothers GALE, (*par nobile fratrum*), the great 'ADMIRAL,' or 'LINUS the Skipper,' must have been shown, in the little billiard-room down by the green marge of the beautiful Horicon, a box containing '*Cix Live Ratel Snaix, from Tung Mounting.*' Fearful-looking 'p'ison sarpents' they are, too, with their forked tongues playing like a cold blue flame about their heads, flattened and probulgent with anger, at being 'punched up' for the company of by-standers. How they shook their rattles at us, and glared upon us with their chilling eyes! But we were n't 'afear'd,' for they could n't get out, and we 'had the advantage of 'em.' We saw the old snake-catcher of that region, who told us that he 'sold eighty to the British, from Canada, in one summer.' To *him* they were as harmless as an angle-worm; 'cause,' said he, 'ef so be I *do* get bit, I kin cure it with rattle-snake weed in abeout tew hours.' But hear a correspondent touching this same matter of 'snaix':

'I SEE you speak of Lake George ('Horicon' sounds much better) and intimate that you shall have something more to say about it in a future Editor's Table. I wish to suggest to you a topic upon which many anxious inquiries have been lately made through the newspapers. I mean, 'the best cure for the bite of a rattlesnake.' 'What will cure?' is the great question, and has lately excited as much interest as, 'Where's BARNUM?' or 'The Gingerbread Man.' Being at Horicon this summer, I took a boat under Admiral LINUS, and along with a friend, proceeded up the lake as far as 'Fourteen Mile Island,' which is, as you know, in a rather narrow part of the lake, opposite Tongue Mountain, which is famous for the 'rattle-snaix' in the rocks and ravines on the top. In a two-roomed cabin reside Mr. TAYLOR, his wife and his wife's sister; at least they abide here in summer, when there's fishing for the Lake-House to occupy one. Here, too, resides Uncle HENRY HARRIS, who for sixty years has been familiar with these diggin's. Hanging from a tree was the skin of a huge snake, and hanging on the tree was the fat, which filled a good-sized bottle, and was placed there to be 'tried-out' in the sun. While we were seated at a table on the grass under these trees, discussing a dish of fish we had that day caught, two or three huntsmen, who were resting themselves on a log, enlightened us about the habits and uses of the 'p'ison sarpent.' You may walk the woods for years and never meet one. They must be sought for in the dens, where scores of them are sometimes killed in one day for their fat, which is considered a sovereign remedy for rheumatics and corns. As to their fangs, they do not strike through leather, and very rarely as high as the top of a boot, so that one who has 'Wellingtons' on may consider himself as tolerably safe. 'As to their bite, it can always be cured by the use of the rattlesnake-weed,' said they, and so all the people of that region say. Uncle HENRY told of numerous instances where the parties had been entirely cured by the use of this weed, as a poultice on the wound and a drink. It was growing around in great abundance, and is said to grow wherever the snakes are found. The story is, that it was discovered in consequence of an Indian's having seen two snakes fight, one of which, on being bitten, began to eat this weed. When the head of the cabin came home, I heard more cases of cures effected by this wonderful weed, and at last our curiosity was so much excited that we collected some of it to show to our me-

dical friends at home; I also bought the bottle of grease to cure a friend's corns. It seemed really wonderful that this magic weed was so little known among physicians. The case of Dr. WAINWRIGHT, in this city, a year or two ago, is fresh in the memory of your readers. The snake that bit him may be seen stuffed, in the barber's shop, at the corner of Nassau-street and Maiden-lane. He was a monster. Several years ago, a druggist, who had a particular fancy for playing with these reptiles, was killed by a bite. He lived in the neighborhood of Lake George, (at Saratoga,) and must have heard of this cure, if there is any virtue in it.

'Arrived at SHERRELL's, again we heard more about it. The man who tends the bar had been twice bitten, and used no other remedy. Nothing seems to be better recommended by sovereign cures. Yet, since my return, my medical friends all pronounce it a humbug.

'Turning to the New-York Natural History, I find that this plant is botanically known as *Hieracium Venosum*. Dr. TORREY remarks: 'This is one of the numerous plants supposed to be antidotes to the bite of the rattlesnake; but its virtues are probably overrated, if not entirely imaginary.' Under the head of 'Copper-Head Snake,' Dr. DE KAY says: 'Many vegetable antidotes have been proposed against the bite of this and the rattlesnake, but they all seem to depend mainly upon their being infused in large quantities of fluid. Nothing is more effectual than scarifying extensively, and cupping the wound when the parts cannot be reached, after the application of a ligature; sucking the wound, if long continued, is commonly sufficient, together with copious draughts of oil, milk or even warm water.' He thinks the vegetable remedies can scarcely be depended upon without the aid of some other remedy, such as is suggested above.

'It appears that the age of the snake cannot be judged by the number of rattles, nor is it true that the bite does not kill a hog, unless perhaps where the fatty covering protects. They tried the experiment on a poor porker at Horicon, and he soon gave up the ghost.

'There, Sir, there's my Lake George experience about bites. Yours is not a medical journal, but it is more read than such a journal would be, and it will be of interest to all your readers, that you put before them the best experience on this point:

'Now all ye youth a warning take,
And shun the p'ison of the snake!'

'FIGARO' DRAMATIC JOURNAL. — A very clever weekly journal has recently been commenced in this city, entitled '*Figaro, or Corbyn's Chronicle of Amusements*.' It is a weekly record of theatricals and music, with occasional comments on art and artists, and 'the chit-chat and gossip of the day about men, women and books.' Mr. CORBYN has associated with him Professor JOHN W. S. HOWS, late of the '*Albion*' weekly journal, who will devote his talents exclusively to the new publication. Why does he not copy an article written by himself for these pages, years ago, entitled '*September and Oysters?*' It would be timely, 'about these days.' A writer in '*Figaro*,' evidently familiar with his theme, is giving us some account of certain literary celebrities in London. We take the following from a paper on DOUGLAS JERROLD, the celebrated wit and dramatist:

'JERROLD's conversation is highly spiced with sarcasm. He delights in retorts, which are seldom courteous. Some of them are very characteristic. We remember one evening at a friend's house, he asked Mr. MACREADY if it was true that he had taken Drury Lane Theatre? Upon that actor's answering in the affirmative, and going on to state that he took it more for the benefit of the dramatic art than in the expectation of making any money himself, and that it would afford him very great pleasure to produce his plays, JERROLD broke out: 'Oh, come, Mr. MACREADY, none of your damned *grim* patronage for me, Sir!'

'Some of his remarks are even more indefensible. Dining at Sergeant TALFOURD's table one day, the guests were amusing themselves by propounding conundrums. JERROLD gave this: 'Why is our worthy host's face like a druggist's sign?' After several guesses, JERROLD gave his solution: 'Because it is generally red, and always lit up after dark.' This allusion to the sergeant's glowing countenance, after a few glasses of wine, was considered by those present to be in very bad taste, perhaps almost as bad as our repeating it. Some of JERROLD's retorts have, however, a poetical justice, which secures to them the sympathy of the company. We remember at the Museum Club he administered, in the sugared shape of a pretended apology, a gentle dose of physic to a most arrogant and conceited member, who had insulted many by his supercilious manners. JERROLD, one day, mistaking him for an acquaintance, (to whom he bore considerable resemblance,) patted him good-temperedly on the shoulder, saying, 'Well, my boy, how are you?' The dignity of this young

sprig was so much hurt, that he complained to several of Mr. JERROLD's unauthorized familiarity. This getting to the savage author's ears, the next time he met the 'offended dignity,' he took a public opportunity of apologizing in the following terms: 'I have to ask your pardon, Mr. SMITH, for my familiarity the other day; but I am somewhat near-sighted, and at the moment I mistook you for my friend BROWN, but a narrower inspection convinces me that you are a devilish deal uglier than he. I sincerely ask both your pardons for my mistake!'

'Upon another occasion, being introduced to Mr. WIRE, the Deputy Sheriff of London, who happens to be a very short, stout man, the caustic novelist said to the jolly little official: 'You say you are WIRE, Sir, but I swear you look more like an *inch of a crowbar*!' We do not give these instances as brilliant specimens of wit, but merely as a sample of his unfortunate fondness for sarcasm. We shall inflict only one more of these 'amiabilities' upon our readers. A young author, somewhat conceited on account of having persuaded one of those generous-hearted nondescripts called publishers to issue a religious work of his, entitled 'Schism and Repentance,' wrote to JERROLD, begging him to subscribe for a copy. The 'gentle JERROLD' wrote back that he might put him down for *Schism*, by all means, but he would advise him to keep *Repentance* for his publishers and readers!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — There is 'no mistake' about it; OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, of Boston, is more like THOMAS HOOD in the sententiousness and force of his language and the melody of his rhythm than any other writer now living. His writings constitute one of our literary *affections*. We never yet saw any thing from his pen which we did not read with pleasure. His strong common sense, his detestation of humbug, and his clear conceptions of truth and beauty, have made him a favorite in every part of the country; and may he long live to enjoy his well-deserved popularity! We have before us his last poem, '*Astræa, the Balance of Illusions*,' delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale-College in August last, and now published by request of that society. It is brim-full of the excellences peculiar to its author. Its satire is trenchant, its wit keen, its rhythm melodious, and its tendency good. We go directly 'in' for extracts, that being the best way in which HOLMES can be praised by any critic, howsoever astute and appreciative he may be. Observe this radiant picture of the coming on of Spring:

'WINTER is past; the heart of Nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The southern slopes are fringed with tender green;
On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,
Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
White, azure, golden, drift, or sky, or sun;
The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
The frozen trophy torn from winter's crest;
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.
Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky;
On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves;
The housefly, stealing from his narrow grave,
Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
Beats with faint wing against the sunny pane,
Or crawls, tenacious, o'er its lucid plain;
From shaded chinks of lichen-crustled walls,
In languid curves, the gliding serpent crawls:
The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep,
Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap;
On floating rails that face the softening noons
The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,
Or toiling, aimless, o'er the mellowing fields,
Trail through the grass their tessellated shields.

'At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Wooded by her playmate with the golden hair,
Chased to the margin of receding floods
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds,
In tears and blushes sighs herself away,
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.'

We know of nothing more felicitous than the manner in which HOLMES conveys a faithful picture to his readers by means of one or two well-chosen simple vernacular expressions ; such for example as the following :

'THE crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate,
Poised on a bulrush *tipsy* with his weight.'

Look you here, also, how so simple a thing as the ringing of a church-bell can awaken in a true poet's mind images of forceful truth and beauty :

'WHEN o'er the street the morning peal is flung
From yon tall belfry with the brazen tongue,
Its wide vibrations, wafted by the gale,
To each far listener tell a different tale.
The sexton, stooping to the quivering floor
Till the great caldron spills its brassy roar,
Whirls the hot axle, counting, one by one,
Each dull concussion, till his task is done.
Toil's patient daughter, when the welcome note
Clangs through the silence from the steeple's throat,
Streams, a white unit, to the checkered street,
Demure, but guessing whom she soon shall meet ;
The bell, responsive to her secret flame,
With every note repeats her lover's name.
The lover, tenant of the neighboring lane,
Sighing, and fearing lest he sigh in vain,
Hears the stern accents, as they come and go,
Their only burden one despairing No !
Ocean's rough child, whom many a shore has known
Ere homeward breezes swept him to his own,
Starts at the echo, as it circles round,
A thousand memories kindling with the sound ;
The early favorite's unforgetten charms,
Whose blue initials stain his tawny arms ;
His first farewell, the flapping canvas spread,
The seaward streamers crackling o'er his head,
His kind, pale mother, not ashamed to weep
Her first-born's bridal with the haggard deep,
While the brave father stood with fearless eye,
Smiling and choking with his last good-bye.

'T is but a wave, whose spreading circle beats,
With the same impulse, every nerve it meets,
Yet who shall count the varied shapes that ride
On the round surge of that aerial tide !'

Did you ever read any thing more finely sarcastic, more keenly trenchant, more admirably terse and graphic, than the following ? Expect not :

'YON whey-faced brother, who delights to wear
A weedy flux of ill-conditioned hair,
Seems of the sort that in a crowded place
One elbows freely into smallest space ;
A timid creature, lax of knee and hip,
Whom small disturbance whitens round the lip ;
One of those harmless spectacled machines,
Ignored by waiters when they call for greens,
Whom schoolboys question if their walk transcends
The last advices of maternal friends,
Whom JOHN, obedient to his master's sign,
Conducts, laborious, up to ninety-nine,
While PETER, glistening with luxurious scorn,
Husks his white ivories like an ear of corn ;
Dark in the brow and bilious in the cheek,
Whose yellowish linen flowers but once a week,
Conspicuous, annual, in their threadbare suits,
And the laced high-lows which they call their boots.
Well may'st thou *shun* that dingy front severe,
But him, O stranger, him thou can'st not *fear* !

'Be slow to judge, and slower to despise,
Man of broad shoulders and heroic size !
The tiger, writhing from the boa's rings,
Drops at the fountain where the cobra stings.

In that lean phantom, whose extended glove
Points to the text of universal love,
Behold the master that can tame thee down
To crouch, the vassal of his Sunday frown ;
His velvet throat against thy corded wrist,
His loosened tongue against thy doubled fist !

‘The Moral Bully, though he never swears,
Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs,
Though meekness plants his backward sloping hat,
And non-resistance ties his white cravat,
Though his black broadcloth glories to be seen
In the same plight with *SHYLOCK*’s gaberdine,
Hugs the same passion to his narrow breast
That heaves the cuirass on the trooper’s chest,
Hears the same hell-hounds yelling in his rear
That chase from port the maddened buccaneer,
Feels the same comfort while his acrid words
Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds,
Or with grim logic prove, beyond debate,
That all we love is worthiest of our hate,
As the scarred ruffian of the pirate’s deck,
When his long swivel rakes the staggering wreck !

‘Heaven keeps us all ! Is every rascal clown,
Whose arm is stronger, free to knock us down ?
Has every scarecrow, whose cachetic soul
Seems fresh from Bedlam, airing on parole,
Who, though he carries but a doubtful trace
Of angel visits on his hungry face,
From lack of marrow or the coins to pay,
Has dodged some vices in a shabby way,
The right to stick us with his cut-throat terms,
And bait his homilies with his brother worms ?

Gotham comes in for a small share of our poet’s satire ; in that she is guilty of talking about Boston’s being ‘provincial,’ etc. ; but it is satire untinged with bitterness, as witness the annexed lines :

‘God bless Manhattan ! Let her fairly claim,
With all the honors due her ancient name,
Worth, wisdom, wealth, abounding and to spare,
Rags, riots, rogues, at least her honest share ;
But not presume, because, by sad mischance,
The mobs of Paris wring the neck of France,
Fortune has ordered she shall turn the poise
Of thirty empires with her Bowery boys !

‘The poorest hamlet on the mountain’s side
Looks on her glories with a sister’s pride ;
When the first babes her fruitful ship-yards wean,
Play round the breasts of Ocean’s conquered queen,
The shout of millions, borne on every breeze,
Sweeps with *EXCELSIOR* o’er the enfranchised seas !

‘Yet not too rashly let her think to bind
Beneath her circlet all the nation’s mind ;
Our star-crowned mother, whose informing soul
Clings to no fragments, but pervades the whole,
Views with a smile the clerk of Maiden Lane,
Who takes her ventral ganglion for her brain !
No fables tell us of *MINERVA*’s born
From bags of cotton or from sacks of corn ;
The halls of Leyden Science used to cram,
While dullness snored in purse-proud Amsterdam !’

Is not this a most happy illustration of that narrow-minded reasoning, whether false or true, which never goes out of its own small circle ? — that horse-in-a-mill species of argument or belief, which seeks no added scope, but lives and dies unaided and choked ?

‘*WHEN* the first larvæ on the elm are seen,
The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are green ;
Ere chill October shakes the latest down,
They, like the foliage, change their tint to brown ;

On the blue flower a bluer flower you spy,
 You stretch to pluck it — 'tis a butterfly;
 The flattened tree-toads so resemble bark,
 They're hard to find as Ethiops in the dark;
 The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious mud,
 Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for his blood:
So by long living on a single lie,
Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its dye;
 Red, yellow, green, they take their subject's hue —
 Except when squabbling turns them black and blue?

Well, we must take a reluctant leave of this matter-full little book; commending it, meanwhile, to the perusal and admiration of our readers. It is from the press of our friends Messrs. TICKNOR, REED AND FIELDS, Boston. . . . It is the author of 'HARRY FRANCO' who speaks on this wise: 'The great fault of the age is too much preaching, too little practising of religion; too much profession, too little possession of the spirit of christianity. There is too great a contradiction between men's tongues and hands. The whole atmosphere is filled with professions and ascriptions, while the poor, the hungry, the naked and utterly miserable, are moaning and dying at our doors. Society spends millions in building sumptuous churches, but seldom thinks of the horrible hovels within the sound of the music of Trinity bells, where Humanity reeks in wretchedness and dies in despair, except with a sort of pharasaical complacency, that 'we are not as other men are, especially these poor sinners.' Now that bleak December's winds are coming, and poverty and sorrow will be doubly rife in the metropolis, would it not be well for many in our midst to ask themselves

'Whether or no
 These things be so?'

'Do you know,' writes a friend at Easton, (Penn.), 'the Dutch word for 'sausages'? It is '*wurs*,' or '*wurz*,' and is pronounced just like our word 'worse.' I do not know the exact spelling; perhaps some Dutch friend will give it to you; but I am going to tell you a story about it which I heard from the lips of a working-man in my father's employ, and will try to give as nearly as possible in his own words: 'There was a Yankee feller worked one year to WALDRON's; they're Dutch, you know, and they talk Dutch, and this feller he did n't know nothin' about Dutch. Wal, one mornin' they had sassengers for breakfast, and they had kinder kep 'em too long, and they was a little *changed*. Wal, this feller had eaten some of 'em, and the old man asked him if he would take some more *wurs*. 'No, by thunder!' says the feller, says he; 'if its *worse* than that, I can't stand it, no how!' Let me tell you another anecdote, not because it at all resembles the foregoing, but because it seems to me too good to be lost. A certain wealthy and highly respectable gentleman, who kept his carriage, once on a time paid a visit at my father's house. He sported a splendid pair of horses, and my father, as he admired the fine animals, asked their owner if he had names for them. 'Yes,' said the classical student; 'I call them 'HECTOR' and 'CICERO' — two Roman generals!' he added, explanatively. Does it not amuse you highly, worthy KNICK., to hear illiterate people make use of words which they do not understand, and to which they attach an entirely different meaning? MRS. PARINGTON speaks of a man who died of a 'suggestion of the brain;' and a little boy once informed me that his father was sick with *inflation* of the lungs! A neighbor of ours remarked the other day that a *phrenologist* had been collecting 'specimens' among the rocks and hills in his vicinity; and another, seeing my brother trying the temperature of water with a thermometer, said: 'Ah, JOHN, are you trying an experiment with your *chronometer*?' Another spoke of a meeting being *rejourned*,

and a *detachment* laid on a person's property ; but the most amusing blunder of the kind I have heard in a long time was that of another neighbor, a plain farmer, who, after listening for some time to a certain person's performance on the piano, gravely asked her if she could 'play on the *catarrh*!' . . . 'To-night,' writes a dear friend from the country, 'I am alone in my room. The fire is cheerful, and my wife is sleeping dreamlessly, with our dear little prodigies near her. I have finished the repast of your '*Editor's Table*,' and sit toasting my feet on the screen, digesting the genius of the great SIDNEY WEST. What a comet of literature he is! Apropos of 'poetry'; I have just been endeavoring to divert myself with a nursery sonnet, or ditty, or song, 'or what not,' which I venture to jot down for your private eye :

'Our two little children
Are sleeping here snugly;
Neither is beautiful,
And neither is ugly.

'Yet we fancy sometimes,
When we gaze in their eyes,
They are two little angels
Sent down from the skies :

'To imbue us with love,
And to open our hearts
To every rich blessing
God's bounty imparts.

'And to make us more grateful
For all we receive,
To Him who hath made us,
And in whom we all live.

'Do you think it is wicked
To look at them so?
Shall we disown the rash thought?
Our answer is, 'No!'

'We'll cherish the fancy
As we'd treasure a gem,
Till we've learned the good lesson,
And taught it to them.'

A CERTAIN acquaintance of ours, not unknown in Washington, nor altogether unacquainted in Gotham, said to a friend of his, who was imbibing a 'leven-o'clock' potation the other morning : 'CORNELIUS, my friend, you drink too much ; you will eventually ruin your health ; your wife and children will inevitably be brought to want ; and you yourself may come to be a poor dissipated vagabond. Let me entreat you to pause 'before it is everlastingly too late!' 'Why, you impudent old inebriate! — *you* lecture *me* on my drinking!' replied the other ; '*you*, you old swipes! who have n't been to bed sober in six months!' 'Yes, I have,' responded the somewhat astonished lecturer. 'Well, I should like to know *when*. I don't believe it.' 'It's a fact, though. About four weeks ago I came home about ten o'clock, and went to bed. Pretty soon after I got in bed, my wife said, 'Why, husband, what is the matter with you? You act very strangely!' 'There's nothing the matter with me,' said I, 'nothing at all.' 'I'm sure there is,' said she ; 'you do n't act natural, at all. Shan't I get up and get something for you?' And up she got, lighted a candle, and came to the bedside to look at me, shading the light with her hand. 'I *knew* there was something strange about you!' she said : 'why, *you are sober*!' Now this is a fact, and my wife will swear to it ; so do n't you slander me any more by saying that I have n't been to bed sober in six months ; 'cause I have!' . . . It seems that it was *not* our friend Colonel GREENE, of that sparkling journal, the '*Boston Morning Post*,' who presented the sheet-iron tribute to the great tragedian SHALES ; but it *was* a Bostonian who told us so, years ago. But he 'lied like a tomb stone.' KURNEL GREENE, 'Yours!' . . . THACKERAY'S '*Pendennis*' is still being published in numbers by the HARPERS. It loses none of its interest as it advances. The author comes nearer DICKENS in naturalness and force of style than any modern author whom we have encountered. Observe, for example, this little episode of a sick chamber :

'It is not only for the sick man, it is for the sick man's friends that the doctor comes. His presence is often as good for them as for the patient, and they long for him yet more eagerly. How we have all watched after him! what an emotion the thrill of his carriage-wheels in the street, and at length at the door, has made us feel! how we hang upon his words, and what a comfort we get from

a smile or two, if he can vouchsafe that sunshine to lighten our darkness! Who has n't seen the mother praying into his face, to know if there is hope for the sick infant that can not speak, and that lies yonder, its little frame battling with fever? Ah, how she looks into his eyes! What thanks if there is light there; what grief and pain if he casts them down, and dares not say 'hope!' Or it is the house-father who is stricken. The terrified wife looks on, while the physician feels his patient's wrist, smothering her agonies, as the children have been called upon to stay their plays and their talk. Over the patient in the fever, the wife expectant, the children unconscious, the doctor stands as if he were FATE, the dispenser of life and death: he *must* let the patient off this time; the woman prays so for his respite! One can fancy how awful the responsibility must be to a conscientious man: how cruel the feeling that he has given the wrong remedy, or that it might have been possible to do better: how harassing the sympathy with survivors, if the case is unfortunate — how immense the delight of victory?

A very touching picture is drawn of the death of PENDENNIS's loving mother. There had been some estrangement between them, then a reconciliation: 'Poor thing! was it not natural that she should love her ARTHUR? And again she kissed him, and she blessed him. As they were talking, the clock struck nine, and HELEN reminded him how, when he was a little boy, she used to go up to his bed-room at that hour, and hear him say Our FATHER. And once more, oh, once more, the young man fell down at his mother's sacred knees, and sobbed out the prayer which the DIVINE Tenderness uttered for us, and which has been echoed for twenty ages since by millions of sinful and humbled men. And as he spoke the last words of the supplication, the mother's head fell down on her boy's, and her arms closed round him, and together they repeated the words 'for ever and ever,' and 'Amen!' She was dead. . . . OBSERVE you how eloquently a cold icy letter has caused a young lady (a *pretty* young lady, we have not the slightest doubt) to address the EDITOR hereof. Our fair correspondent has our 'warm' sympathy: 'Did you ever 'hear tell' of the young lady who said *she* 'would n't never conceal *her* love, and let the worms eat her up, like SHAKESPEARE's young woman?' I did, and I admired her frankness. I will follow her example, and tell you the geometrically exact truth touching my reasons for writing to you. I am 'blue;' I am the 'victim of circumstances;' I am suffering from a brace of misfortunes. You have a sympathising heart, and I wish to disclose to you my grievances. Read and compassionate. If there are any two subjects in the world on which I am enthusiastic, they are *Friendship* and *Moonlight*. Yesterday I received a frigid-zone letter, and took a severe cold from the perusal of it. *Such* a letter! It must have been written under the very shadow of the North Pole, on an iceberg for a writing-desk. As for a seal, any thing in that line would have been a waste, as the contents would have frozen the envelope securely enough. I would just like to know where the mercury stood in the thermometer of friendship when that epistle was indited! If it had been only a 'damper,' or a mere specimen of 'coolness,' the case would n't have been so bad; but it was a downright *congealer*. Could I help it, if my happiness for the day was destroyed? Did *you* ever receive such a missive? — the very recollection of which would give you a chill weeks afterward, and make you think of the comforts of furs? If *may*, please don't arrange your features into an 'incredulous smile' at my distress, for you can have no idea of the thing; if *yea*, call memory to your aid, and 'phanzy my pheelinks.' Thus was the day made cold and dreary; but at night the moon rose clear, and I promised myself an evening of enjoyment. Alas! as the moon rose in the sky, a thought rose in my mind, and I could not drive it away. Though an unwelcome guest, it *would* be there. Some one, in a letter to the '*Tribune*' not long ago, speaks of 'two hundred miles of moonlight.' Moonlight measured! Think of that! If 'that man' lives long, he will discover some process by which he can collect our beautiful silvery moon-shine, and sell it out at so much a bushel; or perhaps he will invent some im-

provement on the 'raw material,' and have it made to 'order.' 'Two hundred miles of moonlight!' I could n't get over it. I heaved one sigh, as I thought of the past; I dropped one tear, as I thought of the future; and went to sleep, and dreamed that the Spirit of Beauty had passed away from earth forever, and that moonlight was disposed of by the acre, and clouds sold at sixpence a-piece! . . . We commend the following feeling lines to the many who have been called to lament the loss of near and dear friends. 'Poor despised old LEAR,' looking at the dead body of his child CORDELIA, said, 'The dog, the horse, the rat hath life, yet thou no breath at all!' But *his* complaining sorrow was not a chastened grief:

LINE S OF CONSOLATION

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND INDULGING EXCESSIVE DESPONDENT SORROW FOR THE DEATH OF HIS
TWIN-BROTHER.

Oh! let not grief beyond control
Rob life of ev'ry hope and charm:
Who pierc'd thy heart can make it whole:
Then lean upon His powerful arm!

'T is not His wrath that weighs thee down,
'T is not His sorest scourge you bear;
There's nothing vengeful in His frown —
He has not doomed thee to despair:

Else Reason from her throne were torn,
Or, (Conscience dead to guilt and shame,)
The love of kindred turned to scorn —
Thy children taught to mock thy name.

Oh! then look up, with joy, and see
What earnest of His love was given,
That when compelled to chasten thee,
He only took thy friend to Heaven.

JOHN BARBER BURNET.

Syracuse, Sept. 29, 1850.

WHEN a colt enters upon a race, he 'carries weight for age,' don't he? Very well. In the same way, we do n't put a burthen upon a child's shoulders that a man would stagger under — do we? Very well, again. But we *do* put burthens upon children's *minds*, oftentimes, that they actually stagger under. Just now, when the first autumn evening-fire gleamed in the sanctum-grate, little Jose and 'Young KNICK,' associating at once fire-light with the soft deer-skin rug (hats off to the MAYOR of Binghamton!) had that pleasant present brought out from its summer recess, and we all lay down upon the long fur, so often pressed by little feet in winter days gone by, and variously chatted together. Presently our little 'five-year-old' said: 'Father, I know what *sin* is; I learn't it at school. I do n't know only four of my letters; but I know what *sin* is: 'Sin is a want of co-formity to, or a transgression of, the law of God!' 'T is, father,' said she, in answer to our silent laugh. Good gracious! — the old Westminster Catechism revived in our successors! That little girl will be able to give us what all the 'Petitions' teach, and to define 'Effectual Calling' before she gets down to 'ampersand' in her alphabet! However, we have come to the conclusion that she had better 'carry weight for age,' for the present at least, and enter upon the study of that comprehensive body of divinity, the 'Westminster Catechism,' at a little later period of her childhood, say 'somewhere along by-and-by.' . . . A very infelicitous phrase, or form of expression, that came to us, we believe, from some careless western writer, has obtained, we are sorry to see, in this meridian. For example, we find our plain English-speaking contempo-

raries of the 'Courier and Enquirer' and 'Tribune' daily journals beginning a paragraph or a sentence with: 'Said CHITTY, in his 'First Eclogue on Oysters,' or 'Said McGOOSELEY, in his elegant 'Tractate on the Origin and Progress of American Fatty,' etc. We prefer, for our own part, *this* form: 'Says CHITTY, says he,' or 'Says McGOOSELEY, says he,' etc. Next to 'gents' for gentlemen, and 'pants' for pantaloons, commend us to 'Said GREELEY, in his varied and interesting columns,' or 'Said RAYMOND, in his well-written journal,' etc., etc. . . . 'MOSES' sends us an 'Impromptu on seeing a Child's Cradle floating on Canandaigua Lake,' which is very clever, save that it contains a sort of necessary assault and battery on old PRISCIAN in one or two places:

SAY, you juvenile affair,
What are you doing way out there,
Out of reach
Of any body on the beach?
Tell me, interesting cradle,
Didst thou on thy rockers wa-dle
To the spot where now you lay?
Hey?
Or has rude BOREAS, slyly creeping,
Come upon thee gently sleeping
On the shore,
Filling soft thy wooden sail,
Launching thee, a vessel frail,
To return no more?

Could you know the anxious fears
Of passers-by, perhaps the tears
By a mother shed,
You would n't quite so calmly stay
Where you so unconscious lay
On your perilous bed.

Perhaps now, in thy lap reposing,
A father's hope lies sweetly snoozing;
If so, and you should thoughtless be,
And stay away too long at sea,
Look out for squalls,
That's all!

A WEALTHY but very penurious old gentleman got hold of a rather tough customer in the person of a Rochester rail-road and steam-boat runner the other day, whom he had offended by some act of meanness. 'Blast your stingy old skin!' said the runner to him, before a whole dépôt-full of by-standers; 'I knew you when you used to hire your children, for a penny, to go to bed without their supper, and after they got to sleep you'd go up and steal their pennies to hire 'em with 'em ag'in next night!' This was a little too much; and the old miser 'sloped,' amidst the laughter of the assemblage. . . . 'A Fellow-Traveller in the World,' under date of 'New-York, August 16,' has been correcting (postage unpaid) the editors of WILMER AND SMITH'S 'European Times,' at Liverpool, in their orthography. The correction is rich, whether it be a hoax or not:

'DEAR SIR In Reading your paper Called WILLMER & SMITHS Times i notice your workmen make a great meny mistakes in spelling the way you spell Fillmore iss [Philmore] and in this last paper per Naggara you said that 21,000 Baskets of strawberry were rode on the New York and Earra Rail-road insted of spelling Earra right you spell it [Earie] which is not right Your Truly

A SUBSCRIBERS.

P. S. Dear sir by looking into Things you will Conferred a great favor on most all your American subscribers. Yours Truly and sincere,' etc.

WE derive the subjoined notice of the present exhibition of the *American Art-Union* from a correspondent who is himself an artist. We have not seen the collection to which he refers, but shall take an early occasion to do so. We would simply premise, that there are as 'many men of many minds' in regard to pictures as in relation to matters of opinion on other subjects; and that sometimes, even in art, 'what is one man's meat is another's poison.' We must be permitted to correct our correspondent, who writes with entire good nature, on *one* point. We have the assurance of the estimable PRESIDENT of the Art-Union, that every contributor to the collection, and the artists generally, were invited to be present on the day that M^{lle} LIND

visited the exhibition, although the *fact* that she was to be present was not stated in the note of invitation, which was in the usual printed form :

'The galleries of the American Art-Union have been reopened, after a vacation, and the people of Gotham are gathering and gossiping at that favorite place of resort. A great many people have opened their eyes upon a great many bad pictures, and upon some good ones. I will not here and now discuss the much-debated case of the American Art-Union, or dwell *in extenso* upon the principles, general and particular, of Art-Unions. This I may do upon a future occasion. I have been a close observer of the progress of the Art-Union in our midst, and I dare say it has its great and glaring faults; but at the same time it has its benefits. Where Art itself is not perfect, (and who will avow its arrival at perfection in this country?) can its aids and helps be perfect? I sincerely believe that, in the main, the desire of the managers of the Art-Unions throughout this country is to advance the interests of art. Would that I could say they have no other design; but of that hereafter. At present, I shall confine myself to the idea, that the whole evil lies in the *want of personal and artistical sympathy between the men who merely manage the money of, and the men who contribute the pictures to, the Art-Union*. Art-Unions contribute to keep Art before a talking, lounging, gossiping, rendezvous-ing public, at their rooms. They do not elevate Art itself, nor distribute its influence within the chambers of the great public. They prevent all private orders, as can be and will be demonstrated; nor do they elevate the students of Art, its professors, as most artists can testify, who have dealt with Art-Unions, here and elsewhere. THE ARTIST, who embodies Art, is the last person thought of. His pictures are looked upon as simply the representative of the subscribers' five dollars, as a prize to a five-dollar lottery. You can make nothing else of it; and he and his paintings tend to swell the importance of those who, 'clothed in purple and fine linen,' distribute the prizes to a large constituency. Do not let people, doing business in various honest branches of commerce, wholesale and retail, down in Wall and Pearl-streets, and elsewhere, and managing American Art, that delicate, that subtle and sublime principle, at their rooms in Broadway, suppose that I am altogether angry with them. Why, bless your good souls! I am thinking over a whole lot of Art-Unions, scattered hither and thither. Heaven forbid that I should quarrel with my own bread-and-butter, for I am an artist, and have gained a large living by the sale of my pictures to this Art-Union of Broadway. They buy of me liberally; and among the directors of that particular institution there are men who, although I have heard hard and ugly things said of them, have always treated my poor productions just as they should be treated, and purchased them for a ninety-thousand-dollar list of subscribers, at prices that almost paid the frame-maker, and paint-seller, and even myself. The great fault (if any?) lies in the want of sympathy between rich Wall-street and lonely garret-rooms, where painters most do congregate. I have at times been impious enough in my thoughts, when unemployed, to fancy, indeed, that there was no sympathy between the managers and the art of painting at all; but that must be a mistake.

'But I sat down, dear KNICK, to write you a few words about this our gallery in Broadway, as it stands filled with works that demonstrate to enlightened foreigners the 'progress most unexpected and wonderful of American genius.' You know that I am one of the most amiable of men, and am easily pleased; and you know that if I am forced to find fault, it is because the thing which is intended should please me has not sufficient merit to please me. It is not my fault. Well, I went into the Art-Union rooms the other day, (you know they have been made classic by a late circumstance, and are now to be considered as well devoted to music as to painting,) and I found the galleries crowded. Here and there were people who had read the morning papers, and knew the pictures that JENNY LIND had looked at and admired, and they were pointing them out to their friends as '*the pictures*.' I frankly confess I was grievously chagrined to find by the newspaper reports of her visit that my pictures had been overlooked by the fair critic. It seems that each bird upon each tree on which this warbler sits turns forthwith to gold; and wherever her bright orbs are turned, lo! there speedily comes the sweet reward of labor—immortality. I would that she had cast those ST. CECILIAN eyes of hers upon one of my poor efforts, which I cannot even praise myself, and in an instant I should have arisen, upon the gaze of my towns'-people, a famous and a noted man. Oh, favored academicians! whose glowing tints are so 'new and singular,' how do you feel now? Oh, mellow and soft-dreaming D——! do you not like it? Outlining C——, with pencil dipped in saffron and in ink, indelible it may be, is it not good thus to be so quickly crowned with laurels? Oh, others of you great LIND-mentioned, tell us, poor dwellers in the gloom of our obscurity, how you feel upon your mountain-tops, and whether the sun is brighter in that other world of fame, into which you have been so wonderfully translated, than in this lower world of ours?

'But this is all envy. I said before, there was no sympathy between the managers and artists. I cannot be mistaken; for I heard that, while enlightened and distinguished frame-makers and print

sellors were invited to this 'feast of reason and flow of' art, there was but one kind and considerable bid given to the barbarian horde of artists to be present. Brother PAINT did not welcome Sister SONG, but Uncle CASH, that lives in Wall-street, and hangs about church-doors, was there to welcome to the temple of lottery-'design' the fair representative of Melody. Was it that the committee dreaded the shabby appearance of these badly-paid artists? Now the President of the American Art-Union is a nice, easy, gentlemanly person; and be it remembered that this feast was paid for 'in toto' out of his own liberal purse. He is a proper, companionable man, and one that has been a good friend to my framed efforts in art, and I hope he will ever be so. I shall try to deserve his good opinion, if I do n't get that of the public, and he must take a few little mosquito-bites in good part: he was worse bitten by the LIND mania. Oh! my countrymen—or other people's countrymen, living within our borders—when will you learn to take things quietly? I say—and be it understood—I say nothing against the World's Songstress on account of this foolish affair at the Art-Union. She is above my pen, as her plumed flight is above my imitation. She has won the verdict of the wise, the amiable of the world. I, who have some 'music in my soul,' would not ruffle one quaver of those celestial notes that, having entranced enlightened man, will find an audience hereafter where the music of her good deeds done in the body will be the melody that shall make the starry vault reëcho eternally in her praise.

'But now to business. Where is the catalogue?

'13. LANDSCAPE: COMPOSITION. By W. M. ODDIE. I quote this description from the catalogue: 'A piece of water, shut in by wooded hills. On the left, a point of land, with a large tree. Men are rowing a boat across the water.' The above is the description of the picture given by the editor of the 'Art-Union Bulletin.' Let me simply alter it, by saying that there are two men rowing a boat across a basin of skimmed milk. There may be water in the milk; that's very probable.

'20. THE ARMORER. J. W. GLASS. Good in color—poor in conception. The Armorer looks like a sulky Five-Pointer, surprised in a fancy dress by his landlady.

'24. CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS, WEST POINT. By R. W. WEIR. It is understood that Mr. WEIR built this church with his own money. We mean no disparagement to this fine artist when we say that he does not excel in landscape. The free-masonry of his building is prettily colored, for it is his favorite gray; but his trees are not such trees as I should like to wave over me when I sleep beneath the mound of grass.

'25. MARINE VIEW. By T. BURCH. How well he paints water, good, old, and modest THOMAS BURCH! He ought to get KENSETT to paint his rocks; then his pictures would be gems.

'I find my digressions have occupied too much of your space, and with your permission I will keep back my views upon the 'views' of the gallery until the approaching month.'

EVERY body knows that there is often a 'descent' in poetry. There is a descent in prose too; although it would be difficult to see how there *could* be a 'descent' from any prose of PUFFER HOPKINS. But so it is, at least in theme. Think of the 'American DICKENS' coming down from 'Arcturus' on the back of a 'Behemoth,' and blowing a penny 'Whistle' in the streets! But *that* music may have ceased before this squib is printed. Twenty unlucky 'literary' offspring of the same parent, 'gone before,' remind us that 'change' (we do n't mean 'small-change') is written on all that PUFFER HOPKINS writes. 'Passing away! passing away!' into the dull pool of Lethe! . . . The superb edifice for the *Astor Library*, in Lafayette-Place, is fast approaching its external completion. It will be a living monument to the liberality and good sense of its founder, when the persons of himself and those who knew him shall have been covered with the dust of oblivion. The library itself is forming 'slowly' perhaps, but 'surely,' as regards the high character of the works which have been or are being secured. Mr. COGSWELL's selections in Europe, consisting of some thirty thousand volumes, are of the very highest order of merit; and that full-minded and indefatigable officer is constantly engaged in his important labor (fortunately for himself, and for the library, a 'labor of love') toward enriching the institution with the best works on all subjects of learned research to be found in the world. . . . WE should like very much to know whether the writer of the paper on '*Games of Chance*'

inferred, from any thing that he had ever seen in these pages, that we should be led to *publish* his communication? It is a poorly-concealed '*Defence of Gaming*,' and should have been so entitled. It is not the innocent diversions of chess or whist that he commends; it is the 'right of a man to do what he will with his own; to risk his money wherever and whenever he pleases; and the right in another, and to an equal degree, to *take* that risk in exchange for his own. This is the 'argument,' urged on the ground that 'the same thing is done in Wall-street every day.' Our answer is short to our would-be-correspondent. In the language of the poet, (with a 'trifling variation,') we should

——— 'rather be the wretch
Who scrawls his ideot nonsense on the walls,
His gallant bark of reason wrecked,
A mere faint ray of intellect,
Not quite a man, nor yet a brute,
Than we would basely prostitute Old KNICK,
To serve the cause of VICE!'

WE will try to get along as well as we can in this department without the editorial 'side-table' scraps sent us by an anonymous correspondent. We are not 'smart,' but we are industrious, and can fill our available space very comfortably. . . . THERE were a-many little folk in the parlors down-stairs last night, from the neighborhood round about, for the purpose of having what a friend of ours terms '*Tab Lewxes Wiwants*,' in which the young scions of the house of KNICK. were, with others, to take a part. Every now and then came up from below these words: '*Now come down, father; we are all ready!—come quick, father!*' And down did we go, a half-a-dozen times, suddenly dropping the adscititious pen, and leaving our long gossip-slip unstained with ink. In one of the tableaux there was a camp of gypsies, and little JOSE was one of the gipsy-children. Now while we were looking at the scene, with some little parental pride and gratification, a bright light increased before the red curtain, and in a moment we saw that our little lamb was all a-blaze. We rushed toward her, seized her in our arms, and hapily succeeded in smothering the flame before it had reached beyond the under-clothing. We mention this, not as an incident of any great interest or importance, but because we wish no parent to feel as we did when we saw that little girl on fire, nor to have such after dreams concerning the event as we had last night. The moral is: '*When your little folk have tableaux-vivants, pray see that the candles are not carelessly placed near their persons.*' . . . A WRITER in the '*Church and State Gazette*' submits a choice specimen of the dialect as exhibited in the responses during the reading of the decalogue: '*What is there so solemn, in hearing a commandment of God, as to pray that HE will have mercy on us, and incline our hearts to keep His law? What more shocking than to hear the privileged leader of the congregation put up such solemn prayer after this desecrating fashion: 'Lawrunmuzzy puns, 'nineline er rarts to keep's laws!'*' . . . A FRIEND has sent us the following as a forcible illustration of the legal tautology that obtains in the law-papers of 'sharp-practitioners,' who charge by the folio for their 'words, words, words:'

'WHEREAS, by a certain instrument bearing date the — day of — eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, purporting to be an agreement between R — B. F —, of the city of New-York, in-spector-in-chief of the elections in the Ninth Ward of the said city, doctor of music, of the first part, and J — S —, of the same city, doctor of medicine, of the second part, it was agreed and consented, by and between the aforesaid parties, that upon the fulfilling the said covenant and agreement, (reference being had to the aforesaid instrument, the nature of the said agreement and covenant will more fully appear,) the said party of the first part should be entitled to and receive from

the said party of the second part certain remunerations, benefits, emoluments and advantages, to be paid, given, rendered, yielded and presented by the said party of the second party unto the said party of the first part: and WHEREAS, upon the failing to perform the said covenant and agreement, (reference being had unto the said instrument, the nature of the agreement and penalty attached to the non-performance of the covenant and agreement, made, concluded, arranged, agreed upon, settled and consented to, will more fully, clearly, conspicuously and definitely appear,) the said party of the first part became bound and obligated in a certain penalty: AND WHEREAS, upon the due and faithful performance of the conditions of the aforesaid instrument of agreement, the said parties thereunto should, agreeably to the usages and customs of nations, be discharged from the penalty contained in the said agreement, and the said covenant and agreement be rendered and made really and absolutely and truly null, void and without effect, and the covenanting parties discharged and released from the penalties, pains, fines, dues, duties and obligations now or at any time heretofore incurred, due or liable to be incurred, or rendered due in consequence of the existence of the aforesaid instrument, covenant and agreement, and that the said instrument, covenant and agreement should be obliterated, cancelled and destroyed: THEREFORE, it is now hereby expressly and decisively agreed and understood by and between the parties to these presents, as well as by and between the said parties in the aforesaid instrument, covenant and agreement, named and mentioned: THAT the aforesaid instrument, covenant and agreement be and is hereby declared and pronounced to be utterly, truly, really and absolutely rendered and made null, void and without effect, and is totally, altogether and irrevocably obliterated, cancelled, destroyed and annihilated, as fully, completely and truly as if the aforesaid instrument, covenant and agreement had never had existence. In witness of the aforesaid total and irrevocable obliteration, cancellation, destruction and annihilation, the parties to these presents have hereunto set their hands and seals this thirty-first day of July, eighteen hundred and ———.

We trust the '*New Code of Procedure*' in this state abolishes much of this tautological, adsoitious, unnecessary, and supererogatory lingo! . . . THE wail of dying Summer is moaning in the trees before the sanctum to-night, and the rain patters plaintively against the windows. Let us, while we listen, read over again '*An Autumnal Leaf*,' just sent us by our fresh-hearted correspondent, the '*PEASANT BARD*!'

WHEN withered leaves around my way
Drift in the fresh autumnal blast,
I view them, as they rustling play,
As Summer's phantoms flitting past.
In some still nook, or sheltering lee
Of roaring woods, they seem to me
When resting from their eddy flight,
To build departed Summer's urn;
Where Pææus pours a saddened light
Like moonlight fanned to burn.
The rivulet lowers its babbling voice,
Past its brown banks runs dreamily;
It seems to take, as if from choice,
The melancholy minor key.
All nature's full of sympathy:
The winds and waters, woods and plains
Together blend their dirge-like strains;
The lonely bird forbears to sing;
Grief-stifled seems each tuneful throat;
E'en darker grows the raven's wings,
And desert-like his note.

The dying winds, as set the sun,
Usher the gloaming and expire;
The frosty stars gleam one by one,
Like ice reflecting distant fire.
The moon awaits her time to rise,
To bathe with her cold light the skies;
The frost-king creeps in stillness forth;
While shooting upward high and higher,
The unwarned wizard of the north
Kindles his ghostly fire.

The peasant, homeward hieing now,
Belated, turns his thoughtful gaze,
And sees on high the starry 'plough'
Pale through the evanescent blaze.
Thoughts, sad yet pleasing, crowd his mind;
Thoughts formless half, and half defined,
Such as the bard and painter feel,
But fail to picture or to sing;
Thoughts that of genius fix the seal,
And point her upward wing!
The hunter, camped beside the spring,
Where the red maple sheltering stands,
As low the weeping waters sing,
And cheerful shine his blazing brands,
Moodily muses as his eye
Watches the flashing northern sky,
And dreams in Odin's distant hall
Hunters some kingly banquet share,
And he, one day, when DEATH shall call,
Shall mingle with them there.

When withered leaves around my way
Drift in the fresh autumnal blast,
I look upon them as they play,
As Summer's phantom's flitting past.
In stillly nook, or sheltering lee,
Of waving woods, they seem to me,
When gathering from their eddy flight,
To build departed Summer's urn
Where Pææus pours a mellowed light,
Like moonlight fanned to burn!

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND STEVENS, opposite the Carlton-House, have made their superb establishment one of the necessities of the town. 'All things rich and rare'

are there congregated. Foremost, in all their stateliness, stand their great reflectors, shadowing *passing* events and facts, encircled by their graceful wreaths, not of fancy but of gilded ornament. Among some of the recently added novelties, may be noticed the engraving from LANDSEER's last and magnificent picture of '*The Drive*,' or '*Flight of Deer*,' the largest engraving ever put to press. The same house will soon announce his two great subjects: '*Peace*' and '*War*,' and a fine large print from a picture of the olden time, called '*An Old English Merry-Making*,' of which the etching has been received. They will also soon have from London, for exhibition, the original picture of this splendid subject. The great print of '*HARVEY demonstrating to CHARLES the First his theory of the Circulation of the Blood*,' will soon be finished, as well as '*Waiting for the Countess*,' from LANDSEER. '*The Wounded Hound*,' from ANSDALL, are also, among the latest novelties. Their print department is very complete, embracing all the finest productions of the English, French and German schools. The artist's-materials department of the establishment will soon be complete for the supply of every thing English or French. Additions will be constantly made to their present very fine assortment of bronzes, papier-maché goods, and porcelains, the productions of the best artists and manufactories in Europe; and these, together with a choice new lot of the Bisqué, or Parian marble-ware and figures, which will be ready for exhibition in a few days, will contribute to make their store emphatically what they term it, the '*Art-Repository*.' . . . 'A RAT! a rat! dead for a ducat!' So we recently thought, with HAMLET; but there was a flaw in our speculations as there was in the mad prince's philosophy. We sat the other morning, in the mild October air, watching a corpulent rat come from a neighboring yard, cross the flower-bordered walks of our little garden, and half bury himself in a hole in the farthest corner. Knowing that in that position his 'ear was deaf that it could not hear,' we approached with noiseless, stealthy step, seized with vigorous grasp his caudal appendage close up to his person; and what do you think befel? Why this: he retired, leaving a 'balance in hand' of one rat-tail skin, bearing a strong resemblance to the 'file' of that name. That victim to 'prompt measures' may still occasionally be seen sneaking shame-facedly around his old places of resort; but in the main, he rather shuns society. . . . ONE of the most costly and elegant gift-books for the approaching holiday season is a work of large size, embellished with eighteen highly-finished engravings, designed expressly for the work, edited by Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT, and entitled '*Our Saviour, with Prophets and Apostles*.' The several descriptions are by different distinguished American divines, and are exceedingly well written. We predict for this splendid volume a wide popularity. . . . 'OLLAPOD' once very forcibly conveyed the distortion of words by fashionable vocalists in the lines of 'Black-Eyed SUSAN':

'ODLE id'n the Dowd'nds thoi vliit was a-moor'd,
Thoi zdrimures woiving id'n the woind,'

and so forth; but we once heard a twanging-nosed Yankee vocalist beat this style out and out, in rendering a patriotic ditty 'of and concerning' the '*Death of General Wolfe*.' Two of the verses were as follow; but pen cannot describe the tones of the voice that wedded them to that '*immortal music*:'

'D'DNE-E d'lifed um'p d'his 'ead,
W'idle d'the cad'dnons din'd d'rattle,
Ad'nd tew his Ad'nedekemp he sai-n'd,
'D'now goes the bad'ntel'

'D'n iz Ad'nedekemp d're'mplied,
'Tid'n'z id'n our fa-a-ver?
'D'no thed'n bra'ne Wolfe d're'mplied,
'D'n-I-e die wid'th pled-zshure!

WE had the pleasure of an interview to-day with our long-time oriental correspondent and friend, JOHN P. BROWN, Esq., of Constantinople, whose contributions to these pages have proved so widely acceptable. He visits this country with AMIN BEY, the distinguished ambassador from the sultan of Turkey, whom we also had the pleasure to meet; a fine specimen of his improved and improving race. Our readers will soon hear again from Mr. BROWN. . . . A very rare and touching series of sketches is '*Ehringer's Etchings, suggested by Hood's 'Bridge of Sighs,'*' just issued by PUTNAM. They are *worthy* of Hood's noble poem, which is all that need be said touching their merit. . . . 'In conversation,' says SIDNEY SMITH, 'any language almost will do; that is, great indulgence is extended to the language of *talkers*, because a talker is at hand to explain himself, and his looks and gestures are a sort of comment upon his words, and help to interpret them; but as a writer has no such auxiliary language to communicate his ideas, and no power of reexplaining them when once clothed in language, he has nothing to depend upon but a careful use of terms. The use made of the great instrument of conversation is the display of superiority, not the gaining of those materials on which superiority may rightfully and justly be founded.' SMITH himself, we are told, was a model talker. . . . HALF past twelve o'clock at night, and a stormy morning has begun. We have gossipped till 'our eyelids can no longer wag,' so we will 'to couch.' Looking in the fire, and thinking of the rosy slumbers, for hours, of the little people, while we have been scribbling, we have meditated upon their innocence; upon our own childhood, passed forever away; of the thick-coming years; of the reposeful spirit to which we would attain; of the 'higher life' to which *every* man must at some period or other of the day or night aspire; and of the rest which a 'conscience void of offence toward God and toward man' gives to the weary spirit. Who does not *sometimes* say to himself, at the close of the busy day, or in the night-watches:

'REST for MY SOUL I long to find!
SAVIOR of all, if mine thou art,
Give a meek, a lowly mind,
And write THY image on my heart!'

When 'the years of old,' reader, shall 'stand in the sun, and murmur of childhood and the dead,' you will 'think on these things.' . . . WE would invite the reader's attention to the series of articles upon '*Physical Geography*,' which have lately led the van in our Magazine. They are written with great spirit, and are the result of much study and research. A stupid typographical blunder disfigures the last line of the first paragraph in the opening article of the present number, but the intelligent reader will readily correct it. The next number of the series is upon '*Comparative Physiology*,' and will reward perusal. . . . THE crop of new towns that is springing up all over the country, impresses us with a belief that in the next half century we shall have some serious philological disturbances in our language. For how are we to designate the inhabitants when they have a 'local habitation' but no 'name?' What can be done, for example, with such appellations as San Franciscans, Monterey-jans, Chicagonians, Detroiters, Buffalonians, Oswegians, West-Pointers, Tillietudlemmites, Rahwayians, Poughkeepsians, Peekskillers, Sing-Singers, Green-Pointers, Ryeiters, Weekawkers, Key-Porters, Communipawians, Lansingburghians, Skeneate-lians, Old Point-Comfortonians, Fishkillers, Neversinkers, Ramaponians, Painted-Posters, Chemungians, Pleasant Villains, Catskillers, Hyde-Parkers, Depositors, Esopusers, and after all these what on earth is to be done with the people born in

Cocksackie ? . . . THERE is great melody, as well as tender feeling, in the subjoined beautiful 'Serenade.' It breathes the very soul of passion ; yet it is soft and flowing as a murmuring rivulet. We commend it to the sweet music of our friend DEMPSTER :

Twilight dews are weeping,
Silent stars are peeping
Forth from thrones of love on high ;
Meekly flowers are bending,
Evening songs ascending,
Peaceful glides the streamlet by.

Vesper bells are tolling,
Echoes lightly rolling,
O'er the mountain, vale and moor ;
Music softly stealing,
Purest thoughts revealing,
Now the toils of day are o'er.

Happy hearts are beating,
Lovers' vows repeating,
Swiftly haste the hours along ;
Founts of love are swelling,
Joyous hearts are telling
Dreams of sunny days in song.

With the changing measure,
Comes to me no pleasure,
Heedless hies the sunset hour ;
Music sorrow bringing,
Mem'ry sadness winging
To my heart's once happy bower.

Round me joy is teeming,
I am only dreaming
Of her smile I can't forget ;
From delusion waking,
Heart deceived is breaking :
Love's bright star for me is set !

WE never saw a more forcible exemplification of the 'sublime and ridiculous' than we witnessed to-day, while standing on the rail-road bridge at Yorkville, watching the approach of a train from the city. Onward came the fiery-dragon of steam, with snort, and rumble, and roar, while a country dog, on a bank near by, was watching it with a dilating eye. As it neared, he gave a short quick bark, and 'went forth to meet the foe.' He rushed down the bank, and, as if he were merely seizing a vagrant pig, was about to take the locomotive by the ear, when we heard a single scream, like the top-note of a fiddle, and then all was still. The train swept on, and while we were thinking, 'Supposing it had been a man?' there came limping slowly up the bank our four-footed 'brave.' When he reached the bridge, he looked after the train, flitting into distance, shook his ears, and said, in as plain English as ever a dog spoke in the world, 'I am afraid I made a *little mistake* in challenging that fellow. I didn't exactly know his breed.' And after licking his fore-foot, he limped away, a 'sadder and a wiser' dog. . . . We see that GRANT THORBURN, who can't write a line without misspelling every other word, and whose hand-writing is the scrawl of a spider escaped from an ink-bottle, is giving certain old '*Reminiscences of New-York*' in one or two of our journals. Will he not, on some future occasion, favor us with some account of a little incident that occurred in a cider-cellar in Liberty-street many years ago? It excited a good deal of interest in the public mind at the time, and the papers of the day, we find, considered it a 'great moral lesson ;' as forcible, indeed, as any of Mr. THORBURN's written homilies at the present time. Mr. 'LAURIE

Todd,' having enjoyed long enough the notoriety given him by GALT, in his work of that name, has now a chance to give us something original — something which he can make his own 'by appropriation,' a process with which he is not unfamiliar. . . . We can't say that we think a vast deal of 'The Modern Cork Leg.' It is personal, in the first place, and in the second place, it is very clumsily written. It is n't half as good as a parody which some poetical wag in Philadelphia once wrote upon some law-case heard before our old friend Judge CONRAD :

'And then they said that it was too bad,
And that a new trial there must be had,
And they brought him up before Judge CONRAD :
Ri-tu-din-nu-den-a !

'And Mr. HIRST, the lawyer, was there,
With a pretty good head, but not very much hair,
So little, in fact, that a wig he must wear :
Ri-tu-din-nu-den-a !

This, when sung, was irresistibly comic, we well remember ; but 'it's a good while ago now.' . . . We are sorry to remark, in the pages of the *American Whig Review*, a savage attack upon G. P. R. JAMES, Esquire, the distinguished English novelist. Mr. JAMES is a gentleman of as little national prejudice as any of his countrymen whom we have ever encountered ; and his bearing in this country has made him warm friends wherever he has sojourned. After all, *the heart* is your true cosmopolite : the social, genial affections are citizens of every zone, whatever may have been their natal sky. The *quo animo* of the attack to which we refer it is difficult to trace or to fancy. . . . A FRIEND of ours mentions a laughable anecdote which he heard not long ago in Rotterdam — m. It seems that on one occasion one of our national vessels, exchanging salutes with a Dutch vessel, accidentally fired a shotted gun. No sooner did the ball strike the Dutch ship, than up ran a defiant flag, the firing ceased, and two officers came in the captain's gig to announce that a man had been killed, and to ask redress. The American commander instantly ordered his barge, and in fifteen minutes was on board the Dutch vessel, explaining the accident ; adding, as he concluded : 'And the man whose carelessness has occasioned this sad disaster shall be hung at the yard-arm to-morrow morning, if I succeed in discovering him.' 'No, *no*, *no* !' exclaimed the Dutch commander ; 'it ish enoff now ; de abology ish enoff — blaänty : let de poor devil go ; dere ish blaänty more Dootchmens in Holland — blaänty !' The same friend who tells us the foregoing, says that he saw this inscription on a little German Rhine-steamer : 'All gownversations mid ovecers and bilot is deized to be voreborne !' . . . CERTAINLY the most magnificent and superbly gorgeous apartments in all our metropolis at this moment are the rooms of the *New-York Athenæum*, Number 661 Broadway. We mention this establishment now, simply to call the attention of our readers especially to its attractions. Touching those attractions, numerous and rare as they are, we shall have somewhat to say hereafter. Meantime, in rooms of more than palatial magnificence, whoso would enjoy chess, a cigar, the amplest news and literatures of all countries, *may* enjoy them. . . . We don't affect *mere* description ; otherwise we should have published the '*Autumn Trip down Lake Champlain*.' This lake rather disappointed our expectations. It always seemed to us too small to have been the scene of any great naval movement. Its mountain-setting, however, is grand ; but as you get along down toward Whitehall the lake degenerates into a muddy, slimy-looking creek, and 'nothing else.' And, shade of HENDRICK HUDSON ! what

navigation! Half the time you think you are presently to go through a passage where it only looks a little 'moist;' and then, you stop once or twice, and the captain sends a little boat ashore, containing a man with a line, who fastens it to a post, and so you are slowly warped around the sinuosities of the ridiculous 'lake.' How unlike the Hudson! Would n't you 'admire' to see a man sent ashore at Jersey City with a line from one of our steamers, so that they might be 'screwed' into the Gotham docks! . . . 'The lines which ensue might almost have been written with a raven's quill, under a cypress-tree.' So writes one who affects a kind of verse that we do not. But '*chacun à son goût*' should perhaps be the motto of an independent editor:

SMALL is the worth of life thus pained and wasted,
 And slight its joy:
 Hope pours in vain fresh draughts, which, drained or tasted,
 Exhale or cloy:
 'Tis but a narrow strait, awhile dividing
 The past and future shore;
 Clouds hover over one, its outline hiding,
 And one looms dim before:
 Suns now are gilding, tempests now are tossing
 Its calm or angry tides:
 Be not then passive sport, but dare the crossing,
 With Faith and Truth for guides.

A CLEVER example of 'making the best of a bad job' was mentioned to us this evening by a friend. One of our young metropolitan philosophers, after a little table-indulgence at the Astor-House, was taking a drive with a boon-companion in a light vehicle, and was having a deal of what seemed to him 'fun' in seeing how near he could approach to, and clip the wheels of, larger carriages. The fun waxed 'fast and furious,' while his escape from accident stimulated him to higher game. So he undertook to make one of our big lumbering omnibuses 'give him room,' as he called it. The meeting was sudden, the crash very decided and decisive. Rising from the ruins of his little vehicle, he shook his fist at the omnibus - 'cad,' and with an actual grin of triumph, exclaimed: 'Why did n't you *get o' the way, then?* S'arved you right! L'arn you to *look out* next time!' . . . '*The New-Yorker*' is the excellent name of a new daily morning journal, published at a penny, and edited with great industry and ability by Mr. C. D. STUART, who has abundant newspaper experience, and of whose merits as an agreeable writer our readers are not ignorant. We wish him entire success in his new enterprise. . . . We see, and are right glad to see, that JAMES GRANT, formerly of New-York, has been elected to aldermanic honors at San Francisco. We have known Mr. GRANT for many years, as a citizen of industry, integrity, and enterprise; and we can predict that he will discharge his new functions with credit to himself and to the new city of his adoption. . . . We have been sitting for something more than a half-hour in our proof-reading chair, here in the printing-office, fronting the City-Hall and Park, waiting for our final proof-sheet for this our November number. And really, it is somewhat sad — though it has seldom seemed so before to us — it *is* sad, *now*, to look from this familiar window upon the faded autumn leaves bestrewing the damp park-walks; upon the branches of trees, almost leafless, where they are exposed at the top to the 'upper-winds;' at the faces of hastening lawyers, answering the violent gesticulations and rapid queries of anxious, heated clients, hurrying to the courts, or to 'chambers;' all these things look sadly *now*. 'And why?' some reader will ask; and we can better answer the querist, if he be a metropolitan. Our departed friend OSBORN, the long, long-time printer hereof, who has so often sat, in days gone by, in this very

chair, looking upon the same scene, surveying the same things, talking of the same things, as we are; *he* has passed away, and these places that knew him *once* can know him no more forever! But '*we all* do fade as a leaf;' and almost every man, seeing how *many* are going hence to a better country—to the 'beautiful land,' so touchingly described by the author of that thoughtful and spiritual poem, 'The Morning Watch'—almost every man, we say, seeing and feeling this great truth, may apply to himself, when Summer is dying before his eyes, the prophetic words of one of our own poets:

'NATURE, in simple beauty drest,
Still dances round the restless year,
And gazing on her yellow vest,
I sometimes think *my* change is near:
Not that my hair with age is gray,
Not that my heart hath yet grown cold,
But that remembered friendships say,
DEATH loves not best the infirm and old;
As many a bosom knows and feels,
Left, in the flower of life, alone,
And many an epitaph reveals,
On the cold monumental stone?'

Howbeit, it is not meet to despond; it is not well to doubt; it is not good to despair. We are in the hands of ONE who holds the seasons in his hand; who sendeth the green leaf, the tender herb, the blooming flower; who taketh them away in his own good time, and in their place, 'sendeth snow like wool, and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.'

'WHILE the changed streams are silent as the ground,
As DEATH had numbed them with his icy hand.'

There is a *moral* in Autumn, or so it has always seemed to us, more forcible and more impressive, than that of any other season. In the beautiful words of the German poet UHLAND:

'A DEEP and crimson streak
The dying leaves disclose,
As on consumption's waning cheek
In ruin blooms the rose.

'The scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay,
Of fair and early fading things,
Too exquisite to stay:

'Of friends that are no more,
Of flowers whose bloom is fled,
Of farewells wept upon the shore,
Of friends estranged or dead:

'Of *all* that now may seem,
To Memory's tearful eye,
The vanished rapture of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh.'

But the proof is ready, and our local autumn-reverie is broken. . . . WE were about to apologise to our friends the publishers, and certain of our correspondents, for non-response to their several favors; but the following passage from '*Ka Elele Hawaïi*,' of '*Okatoba*' the sixth, of last year, so perfectly expresses what we *should* say, that we adopt it once:

'E pono e hookomo mua i ka pa, a e hana hoi e like me kela i olelo ia ae nei maluna, aiala, hiki ke lawe ia ma kahl e na bipi. Ke kauoha aku nei au i na makai, a me ka LUNAKANAWAI olaila, e hopu, a e HOOKOLOKOLO i ka poe e pale ana i keia mau olelo maluna; a i maopopo ke kuni kolohe o kekahi i ka hui holoholona, a lawe kolohe paha; e hoopai aku e like me ka olelo ma ke Kana-wai no ka hewa.'

If our friends, 'those interested,' are not satisfied with an apology like this, we should despair of moving them by any thing that *we* could say. '*E pono e Hookomo mua! — ika!*' expresses the whole thing.